

# Film Fun

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## Contributors in this number:

Elsie Ferguson

Pearl White

Marguerite Clark

"Fatty" Arbuckle

Linda A. Griffith

Horace D. Ashton

Shirley Mason

G. S. S. a o

and others

Specially Posed for  
FILM FUN and  
drawn from life  
by LOU MAYER

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MME. OLGA PETROVA



# VIRTUE IN THE BALLET



Of all the witches and semi-witches of that eternal Walpurgis Night that represents the world, the ladies of the ballet have at all times and in all places been regarded as least like saints.

Whenever a new, youthful dancer appeared at the Paris Opera House the *habitués* vied with each other in showering her with attentions and in overwhelming her with a veritable broadside of Cupid's artillery.

For how could these young and pretty girls with every right to life, love and pleasure, and subsisting on a very small salary, resist the seduction of the smell of flowers and of the glitter of jewels?

She had the voluptuous form of a Greek Helen and she took the old guard of the Opera House by storm. The very next morning a perfect shower of *billets-doux*, jewels, and bouquets fell into the poor dancer's modest apartment.

He was a rich stockbroker, one of those "generous gentlemen," if the object of his momentary fancy was young and pretty and apparently unsophisticated. And then there was another, who sent no diamonds, and not even flowers, but who was young and goodlooking, though poor, and who worshipped her from afar until that memorable night—but read the whole story for yourself as Maupassant tells it—an amusing story that is a gem of art and irony, a story with an unexpected ending that will do your heart good, and found with all Maupassant's other inimitable stories, his novels, his poems and dramas, in this superb *VERDUN EDITION* of

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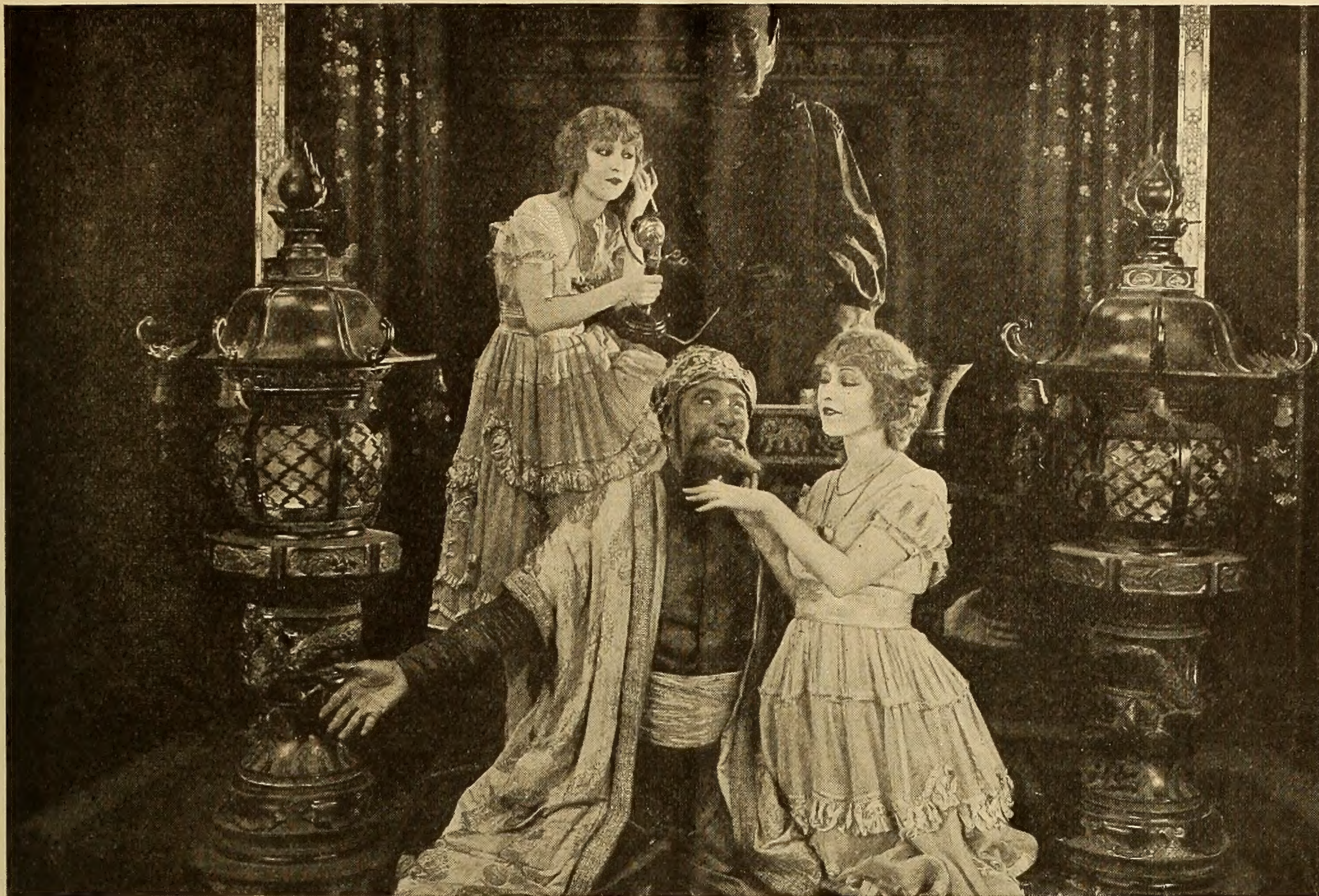
#### REALISM UNALLOYED

The petty meannesses of human nature and the passions—lust and cupidity—which stir most men and women to action did not stay Maupassant's impartial hand so long as this ugly side of humanity existed. Pitiless as is his art, at times he surprises us with a touch of tender pathos in which we recognize the warm heart of a fellowman.

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*The Dolly sisters (Roszika and Yansci) in their first film play, "The Millionaire Dolls."*

# Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

*An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine  
Devoted to the Best Interests of All  
Motion Picture Art and Artists*

## MAY--1918

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**Number 349**

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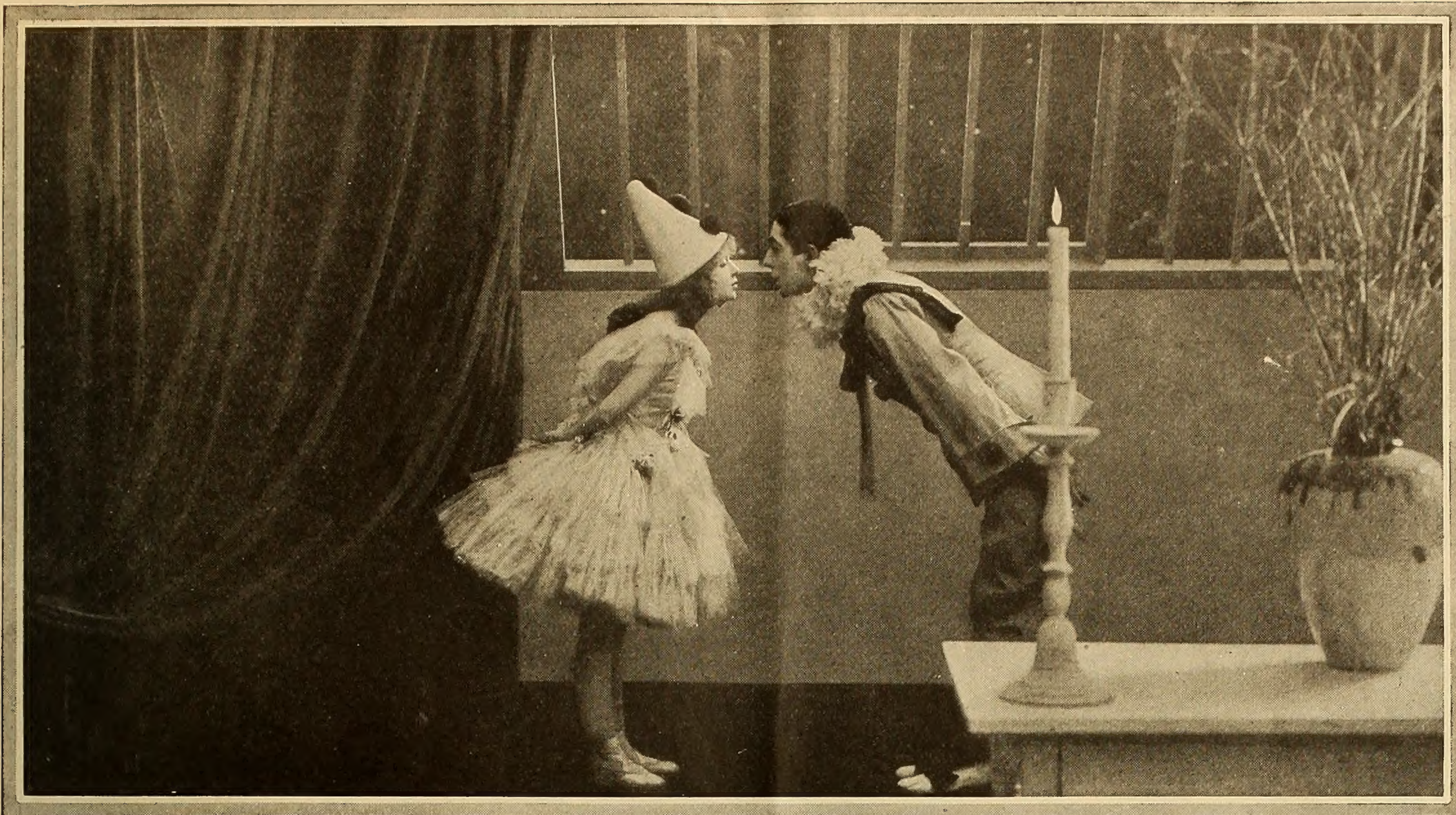




FOX

*Something of the charm of a Sargent painting is in this excellent camera-study of a camera poseure. Peggy Hyland, recently charted in the Fox galaxy of the film firmament says of this 'tween seasons costume, that New York weather requires one to be ready for whatever may come to pass, at the shortest possible notice. The gowns she wears in "The Debt of Honor" meet every requirement.*





PARAMOUNT

*You've danced your way into all hearts, "Prunella," and even of "Pierrot's" garret you made a bit of heaven.*

## The Magic of a Smile

*How the Miracle of Cheerfulness Works in the World of Movies*

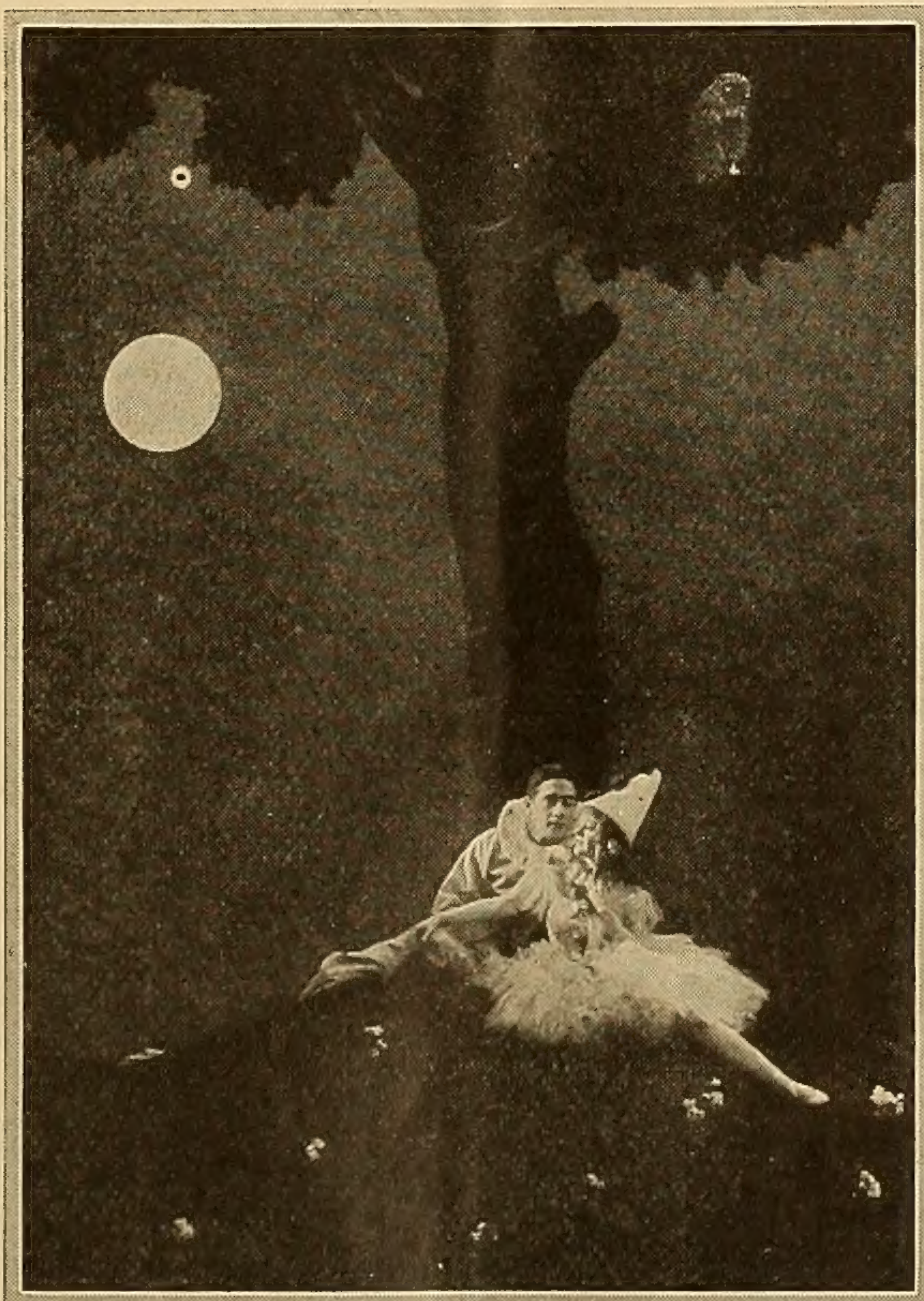
By MARGUERITE CLARK

IT SEEMS to me that most of us, in this age of marvelous scientific achievements and discoveries, do not often enough bring ourselves to believe in miracles. "Childish foolishness," say we loftily. But to me, life itself is crowded with wonderful things—the springtime, flowers, a sunset, and, perhaps most wonderful of all, a smile. Truly, I have seen what might actually be called miracles accomplished through the medium of one tiny smile. So when I was asked to write on the subject, I was more than pleased; for it is a pet theory of mine that a smile has "magic" qualities, like the fairy's wand, bringing happiness, beauty, even riches—for many an actress has become famous through her possession of a beautiful smile.

In daily life a smile paves one's way with kindness, and you will find by watching successful people that they are the ones who have been able to "smile, smile, smile"—with all their troubles in

the "old kit bag." Nowhere is this truer than in a motion picture studio, where the daily grind becomes almost unbearable at times, amid the confusion, the unavoidable delays, the petty annoyances.

Often we film folk are obliged to be at the studio before eight o'clock in the morning. There seems to be a certain lighting obtainable at that time of which directors are most fond. For instance, at Christmastime last year, in attempting to finish "The Seven Swans" for the Yuletide release, we had often to begin work at an hour when most people were considering how much longer they could sleep without missing the eight-forty-five. Several evenings we stayed until after midnight, and one time, especially, I remember that we worked from eight in the morning till three o'clock of the next morning. Director Dawley, with his dry humor and quick smile, kept us all in a pleasant mood, however, and between scenes it was amusing to



PARAMOUNT

*Moon-madness makes mummies of us all.*



watch the different players adapt themselves to the tire-some waits—and always cheerfully. Some of the “fairies” had their knitting, my seven brothers were busy playing poker, I think, while Richard Barthelmess, the “Prince Charming,” and myself, with two others, amused ourselves at bridge or watching the taking of scenes. The latter is a fascinating occupation, and much can be gained by watching the other players at work. Had there been grumbling or dissatisfaction, the picture might have been spoiled and many a kiddie’s Christmas treat made a failure.

It was in making “The Seven Swans” that the director’s smile was most needed, for among the dozens of youngsters of from three to five, there were several who were making what the papers called their “screen debut,” and who were consequently inclined to be a bit temperamental at times. With infinite tact and patience, however, the director would tell them marvelous stories or send out for ice cream, all with his customary good-humored smile so dear to the sensitive heart of childhood.

I thoroughly believe, too, that Director Dawley must have even used his all-conquering smile upon the swans hired to play one of the most important roles in the piece. Seriously, the difference in their behavior, the last days of their sojourn with us, from the uproariously indignant acting of the first part

was a veritable miracle. Perhaps of all the studio folk, it is the director who values most the real magic qualities of a kind word and a smile in times of stress.

Smiling is as natural to an actress as breathing. From her earliest training she learns the value of a happy face in winning the sympathy of her audiences. An actress who is given a part wherein she is obliged to play a disagreeable character has all the sympathy of her fellow-players, for hers is the hardest role. This was exemplified in Helen Greene’s part of *Bab’s* sister in the “*Bab*” stories. As *Leila*, the older sister, she was obliged to appear overbearing and rude, and she alone, of all the cast, was glad when the pictures were finished.

As the impractical and impulsive *Bab*, I was obliged to use a “smile’s magic” very often in getting myself out of constant scrapes. In the first one, “*Bab’s Diary*,” I had invented a fictitious name for a sweetheart, so that I could hold him over the family to blackmail them into allowing me the privileges which *Leila*, my older sister, enjoyed. All went smoothly until *Carter Brooks*, an old friend, pretended to have found the original of my invention and presented him in the flesh. Then came my downfall. I had written absurdly sentimental letters to this fictitious sweetheart, and now I learned this real man had them. How to get them back?



PARAMOUNT  
(Circle) Marguerite Clark and Jules Raucourt. (Panel) As “*Pierrette*” and “*Pierrot*” taking a curtain.



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“Come, join in our play, all of you who would forget care and be happy for a little while.”





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*When caught burglarizing a strange man's desk, simply smile at him this way—as Marguerite Clark did in "Bab's Diary"—and he will immediately change his mind about having you arrested. Instead, he will take you home in a taxi, and the next day will send you violets.*

Hardly realizing the absurdity of what I was doing, I rushed to his home to recover them. How I got caught in someone else's room and was nearly arrested, escaping by a hair's breadth and the best smile I could muster, was a thrilling tale.

In "Bab's Burglar," where I succeeded in purchasing an automobile out of a somewhat slim allowance, I was haled into court, and once more the valuable smile came into play.

In "Prunella," the contrast between the three old aunts, *Prim*, *Prude* and *Privacy*, and the gayety of the young niece is evident. *Prunella* is a joyous youngster, who frets under the restraint of her narrow life in the quaint old cottage, and consequently falls an easier victim to the wiles of the handsome *Pierrot*. It is her smile, as she peeps over the hedge at him, that wins his vagrant love. There comes a time when she is not sure she is glad about this, but at the end she returns to the old home, where she finds him awaiting her, and their happiness recommences for always.

I have spoken of some of the reasons for "smiles" at a studio. There are many others, for an actress's life, even in the comparatively uneventful filming days, is adventurous, arduous. Few persons stop to realize that for the taking of scenes where a player must come into a room during a storm, they must first be soaked under an improvised shower, be the weather frigid or tropic.

This was necessary in scenes for "Rich Man, Poor Man," which is an adaptation of Maximilian Foster's

novel of that name. Mr. Dawley took a more or less rusty watering can of the ordinary garden variety, with cold—oh, very, very cold!—water in it—no other being procurable at the studio—and with all the *sang-froid* of his character, carelessly sprinkled it over me. In this case it was utterly impossible not to smile, for the entire company had gathered for the fun, and many were the jokes at my expense, as I stood with my feet in a disreputable old tin tub and the water dribbling down my face and shabby clothes.

It isn't easy always to keep a smile on one's face, and really mean it, when things go wrong. A screen star has just as much provocation to yield to "temperament" as a footlight favorite has, but I think most of us avoid showing any mental disturbance, because the camera is a sort of goblin that will surely catch us "if we don't watch out." After all, there isn't the least doubt but that the smiling habit can be acquired by a little persistence and a good deal of forbearance, and it is very well worth while.

Life in the studios, just as outside, is made much easier and pleasanter if "well seasoned with a smile."

*Marguerite Clark*



# How to Grow Thin—While You Wait

*A Famous Avoirdupois Comedian Reveals the Inner Secrets of Flesh Reduction*

By FATTY (ROSCOE) ARBUCKLE

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Responding to a world-wide clamor that he reveal his secrets of growing thin, Fatty Arbuckle has at last agreed to make public, through FILM FUN, the scientific discoveries which he alone possesses. Mr. Arbuckle has only disdain for the tame advice offered by such health and beauty experts as Lina Cavalieri, Doc Wiley, Anna Held, Mary Garden and Lillian Russell. Getting away from the cut-and-dried methods of flesh reduction, the author will present in these pages a series of articles in which his confidences will gladden the hearts of all who would put themselves right with their tailors.)

IT IS estimated that fat people have rolled billions of miles in the last year in their frantic efforts to grow thin, with but very little real success. The practical jokers in the medical profession are simply having their own laugh at the expense of the gullible public.

Take up tumbling is my advice.

Tumbling will cause you to fall off more than does rolling. When I was young and inexperienced, I did not revel in the buoyant grace and debutant figure of my manhood. That was because I rolled. I can assure you that after rolling all about town, I actually gained weight, and yet my vitality suffered. I couldn't sleep nights, and for a while it looked as if I would never attain that perfection of form which has been my fortune in motion pictures.

If you must roll, be a low roller, because high rollers only reduce their pocketbooks. Do not attach too much importance to the old proverbs. That "A rolling stone gathers no moss" or "A setting hen never gets fat" is a sad mistake, except when taken in a literal sense. I have seen lots of rollers gathering everything in sight and lots of fat hens that never did anything else but sit.

I've tumbled to a whole lot of things, and I can solemnly aver there was a big reduction every time.

Of course, tumbling is hard on fat people; it makes light of their dignity.

Since becoming a motion picture comedian, I have had letters from all over the world, asking how tumbling is done. Here are a few recent samples:

*My dear Fat Boy:*

Honestly, I tried your horseback riding every day, and I've only fallen off a little bit. My weight still hovers around the 300 mark. What shall I do to fall off more?

Bess Downing.

Answer:

*My dear Bess:*

Try tumbling from a stepladder, and you will fall off more.

*Dear Doc Arbuckle:*

Is there any kind of food that I can get to assist me in reducing by rolling?

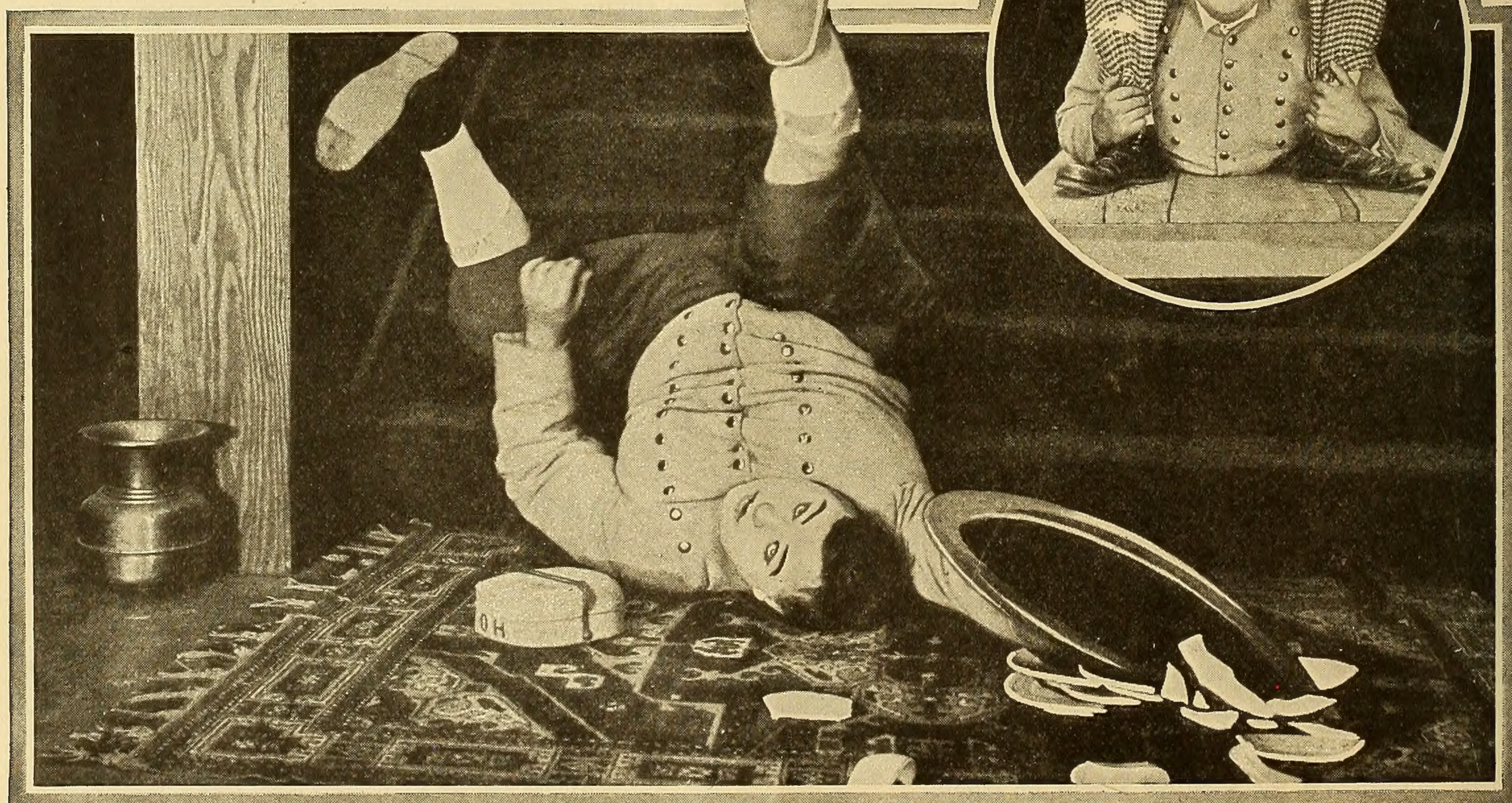
Rollin Stone.

Answer:

*Dear Rollin:*

Try rolled oats.

(Continued in  
advertising  
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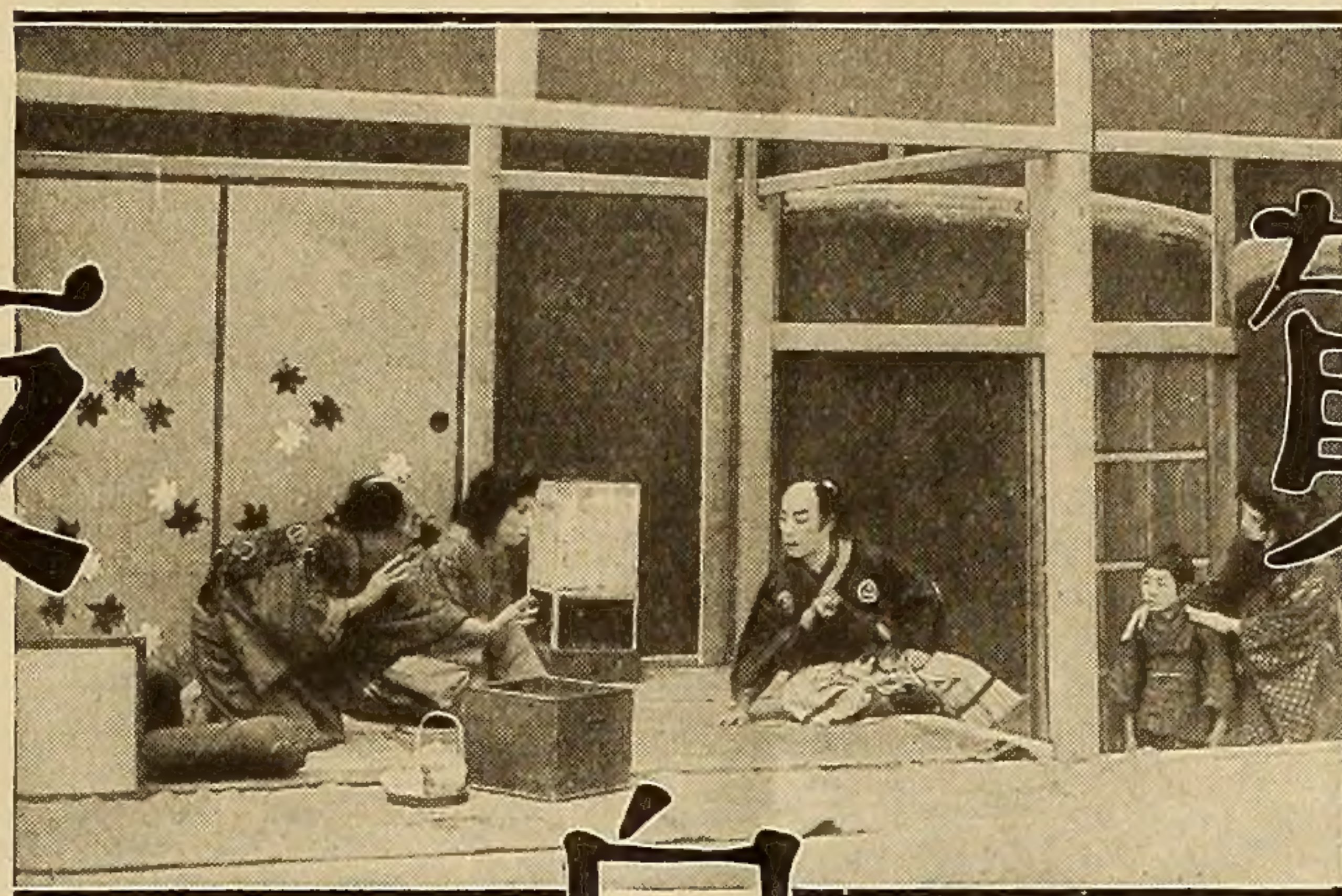
# The Celluloid Drama in Japan

*They Do Things Differently in the Land of the Rising Sun*

By G. SASAO



M. One, star in "Samrae,"  
a native screen drama.

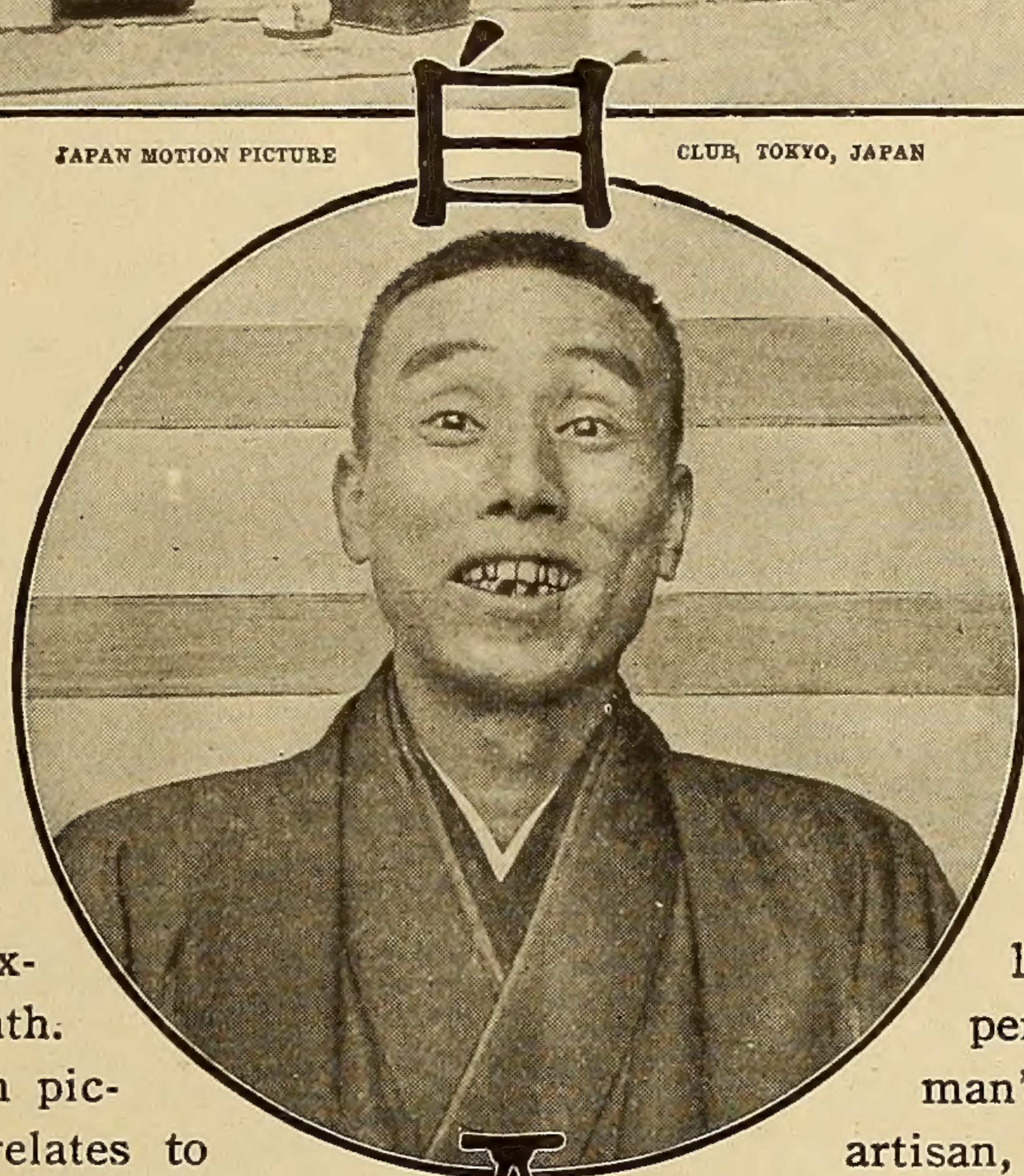


JAPAN MOTION PICTURE

CLUB, TOKYO, JAPAN



This Jap actor specializes  
in "Be Gosh" parts.



This is the Douglas  
Fairbanks of Japan.

(Upper picture) A scene from  
a Jap film showing a  
surprising situation.

SINCE you ask me, it is my great pleasure to send greetings and good wishes from the friends of FILM FUN in Tokyo to all readers of your magazine. There are many of us who wait anxiously for its appearance each month. We are deeply interested in motion pictures here in Japan, and all that relates to film production.

I find it difficult to write about producing companies in my country. The pictures I send were taken for you when the company was at work on a play that will soon be finished and may be shown in America. It is called "Samrae." With us, the dress of an actor indicates the part he plays. With some characters you, too, do this; we do it always. A cowboy, in an American picture, could not be mistaken for any other type. That which you call "wild and woolly" is unreal to us, for the horse is rather a curiosity here, and it is hard for us to follow the play when a number of riders go dashing along the trail. It helps a great deal when we can find the hero, by the garb he wears, and follow him. We like American pictures very much, but, of course, our own are easier for us to understand.

American companies are often to be found at work in Japan, and there are a number of Japanese companies that, like your own, travel about from place to place. It seems to us better to use the real settings where a little extra effort or even hardship will permit. If a part of the action in a Japanese motion picture play takes place in the vicinity of the Nikko Shrine, that most beautiful of all Japan's beautiful places, then when you see the film you

can be sure it is that very shrine, built more than three hundred years ago, and none other, that you see.

There is a wealth of material for picture plays in the legends and folklore which the Japanese, as you perhaps know, treasure highly. Each man's aim, whether he be artist or artisan, writer or official, is to add some one thing worthy to endure among his country's possessions. It is because individuality is fostered in this way that so many examples of "lost arts" make Japan so fascinating to art treasure lovers. And if some sincere seeker will search it out, he will find a surprising storehouse of material in the literature of Japan that

will make wonderful pictures which would be popular, I think. You all like "The Bluebird" and mystery plays like that. We like them too, but with us it is one of the usual ways to use symbols in presenting ideas we wish to make permanent. It is so we

teach our children, presenting lessons in a form they grasp, as children of all countries grasp at fairy tales. When a boy reaches an age when he is thinking what he will do with his life, we teach him, by the use of the carp for a symbol, that it is his duty now to learn to swim upstream and gain strength by resistance.

There are moving picture magazines published in several cities in Japan. I am myself at work upon the first number of a little periodical. The actors contribute to it, and when you receive the copy which I shall send to you, you may find in it things about which the friends of FILM FUN would like to know.

佐々雄





VITAGRAPH

*Agnes Ayres alleges that a becoming smile ought to be regarded as an indispensable accessory by anyone who would be perfectly apparelled. Judged by results the theory is sound; seeing is believing.*



# The Comments and Criticisms of a Free-Lance

by

LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

*(Editor's Note: The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are striving for its downfall or its advancement.)*



CAMPBELL PHOTO

MARY MACLANE'S "Men Who Have Made Love to Me" is an interesting picture, its principal interest being that it is "different." I believe it is the first picture in which an author appears as the heroine of her own book. It was enjoyable to see on the screen a woman who was not a famous beauty or an opera singer, but one who has achieved fame through her pen, even though the character of her literary output is along rather sensational lines. As a movie heroine Mary MacLane is quite a prude compared with the famous vampires of the screen. In the role of a cinema actress Miss MacLane, with no previous dramatic training whatever, acquitted herself remarkably well. She was simple and sincere in everything she did and had no affectations. Neither did she resort to the prerogatives of her type and pose all over the place. Mary MacLane has an interesting, intelligent face, and her mind works; one could see it working on the screen. The sub-titles, which, of course, are from her book, were clever and gave the audience many a good laugh.

## The Movies and the Newspapers

Editorials on the movies in the New York newspapers are now quite as common as editorials on the current news topics of the day. Yet how few years have passed since, even with a microscope, nary a word could be found in these big dailies pertaining to the motion pictures! The one big desire in the crude early days was for newspaper recognition. This, more than any other medium, was felt to be the only way to establish the movie as a branch of art and education. The complete ignoring of the motion picture by the newspapers caused many a pang in those jealous days, for the movie child was growing up, and no one would notice the kid at all. Could anything in this world be more disheartening? Those who did not participate in the early struggle for recognition of the movie know little of the silent suffering that obtained. Mr. Griffith would often remark: "Now, if I can only get the newspapers to notice me, I'd have some hope of these moving pictures." Balm came to his tortured soul when, in 1909, the New York Times gave a column write-up on his first ambitious effort, the movie version of Browning's "Pippa Passes." The picture did not make money, but the newspaper men-

tion of it gave to the producer what money could not give. That was fresh ambition and a hope that burned to light the way to Griffith's great epic, "The Birth of a Nation," and let us hope will lead to his other thrilling spectacle, soon to be revealed, showing the Great War.

## Mirroring Thoughts

William S. Hart, in "Blue Blazes Rawden," again delights his million followers. This photoplay is a characteristic Hart-Ince one. The story is a bit depressing for these sorrowful war days. One often wonders why certain actors and actresses acquire such a large following. For instance, here is William S. Hart, about whom movie fans the world over are enthusiastic. He has no claim to conventional good looks; in fact, he is rather curious looking. The answer is, he is a good actor—a good screen actor. His work is always quiet and sincere, but tense; he has, too, great reserve strength for his big dramatic scenes. His is the subtle art of motion picture acting, which is simply giving to an audience, through the delicate, changing expressions of the face, one's own thoughts.

## Re-enter Mabel Normand

After an all-too-long absence from the screen, Mabel Normand makes her reappearance under the Goldwyn banner. To bring back any star who had been lost to movie fans for a year or more (as has Miss Normand) in such a hodge-podge as "Dodging a Million" is surely a pity. Why offer Mabel Normand in it? The fickle public soon enough forgets even its greatest favorite when pictures featuring them cease to be shown. It would seem that the least that might be done for an attractive, paying star, such as Miss Normand has always been, would be to reintroduce her in a vehicle worthy of her talents. Whatever "Dodging a Million" is all about is more than I know. In this I do not lack company, for there are many whose mental perception of this photoplay is as vague as mine. At the theater where I saw this picture people all about me kept wondering when the heroine would "wake up"; they felt convinced that the whole thing had suddenly turned into a dream, or, rather, a nightmare. Others thought the locale of the story had shifted to an insane asylum, and that the author or director had omitted the sub-title carrying this necessary information.



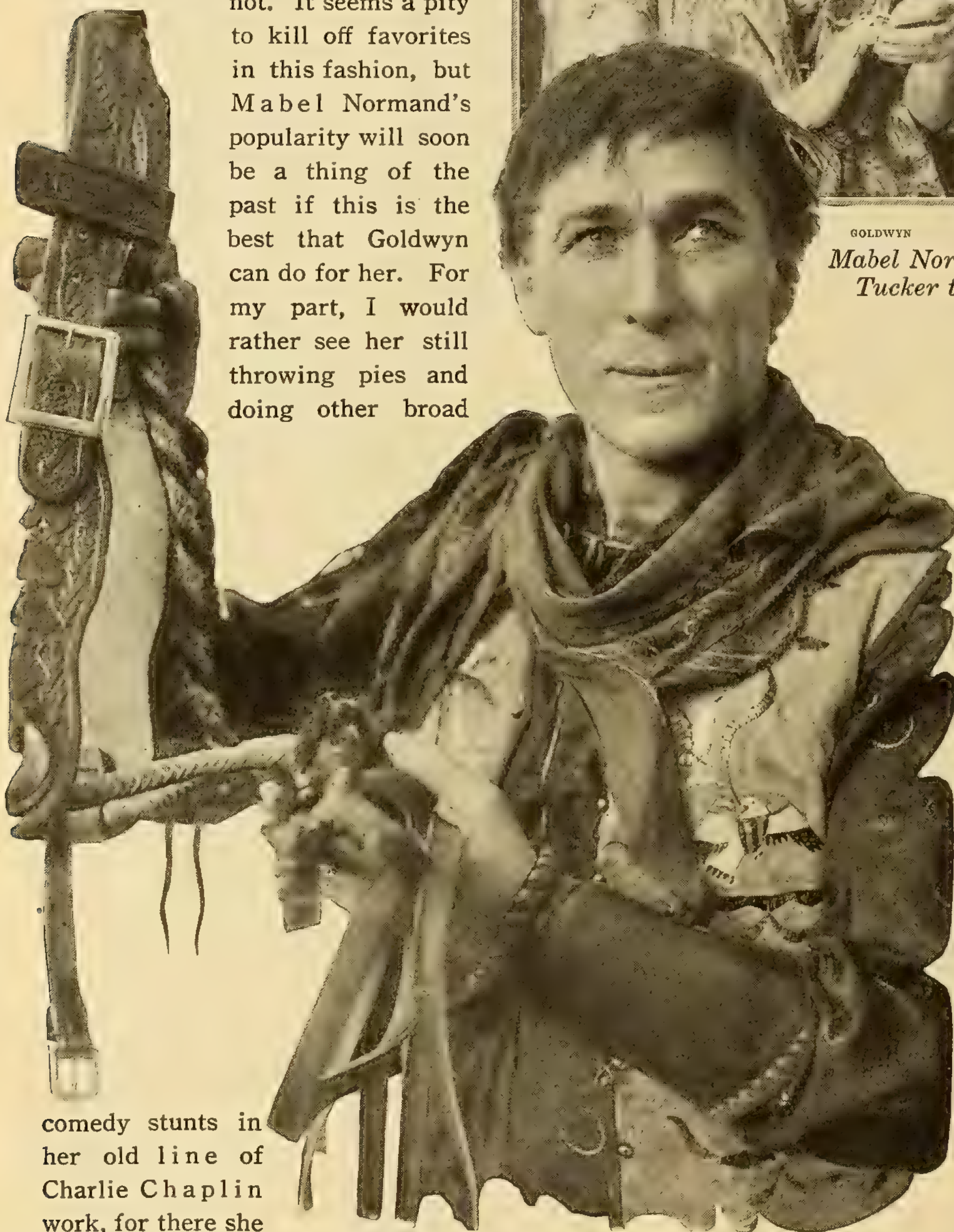
Mabel Normand as a Keystone star was one of the most popular of the young movie actresses. She occupied a unique position in the screen world, for she was young, very pretty, and the only one in filmdom having these attributes who had made a name in slapstick comedy. As all comedians want to play "Hamlet," no doubt Miss Normand was ambitious to contribute to the screen both dainty comedy and serious work. Perhaps she can do so, but in "Dodging a Million" she certainly wasn't given an opportunity to show whether she could or

not. It seems a pity to kill off favorites in this fashion, but Mabel Normand's popularity will soon be a thing of the past if this is the best that Goldwyn can do for her. For my part, I would rather see her still throwing pies and doing other broad



GOLDWYN

Mabel Normand discusses with director George Loane Tucker the jewel scene in "Dodging a Million."



PARAMOUNT

"Blue Blazes Rawden," alias William Hart, may take a proper pride in equipment that includes a Mexican bridle like this. You wouldn't believe what it cost.

comedy stunts in her old line of Charlie Chaplin work, for there she had no rival but him. Now she is merely one of many. There is nothing distinctive about Miss Normand in "Dodging a Million," and unless some interest by her managers is taken in her scenarios and the direction of her pictures, her screen life may be short.

## We Need Sincerity and Simplicity

Charles Ray again pleases in a rural comedy drama, "The Hired Man." The story is of the clean, domestic sort, and the part a typical "Charles Ray" part. It is refreshing to see a wholesome-looking youth playing in good, old-fashioned, wholesome stories. Simplicity and naturalness are sadly lacking attributes in many of the young men movie actors. It wins out in every walk of life, so why don't a few of them try it—if they can? Please, won't Miss Doris Lee wear her hair in another fashion? True, she is a very little girl, but I hardly think the inch or two gained by her tumbling headdresses is of any advantage in making her look taller. It is out of keeping with the rest of her very dainty self.

## Ours Not to Reason Why

I heartily agree with the editorial in the New York *Morning Telegraph* on the movies, which says: "The industry is suffering from an acute attack of 'poor pictures.'"

## Beauty a Duty

George Loan Tucker is too experienced a movie man and too clever a producer to make the following statement, credited to him in a New York newspaper: "It is my firm belief that the first duty of the camera is to find beauty and record it." Beauty, whether of face, figure, dwelling-place or landscape, is always very pleasing to see on a



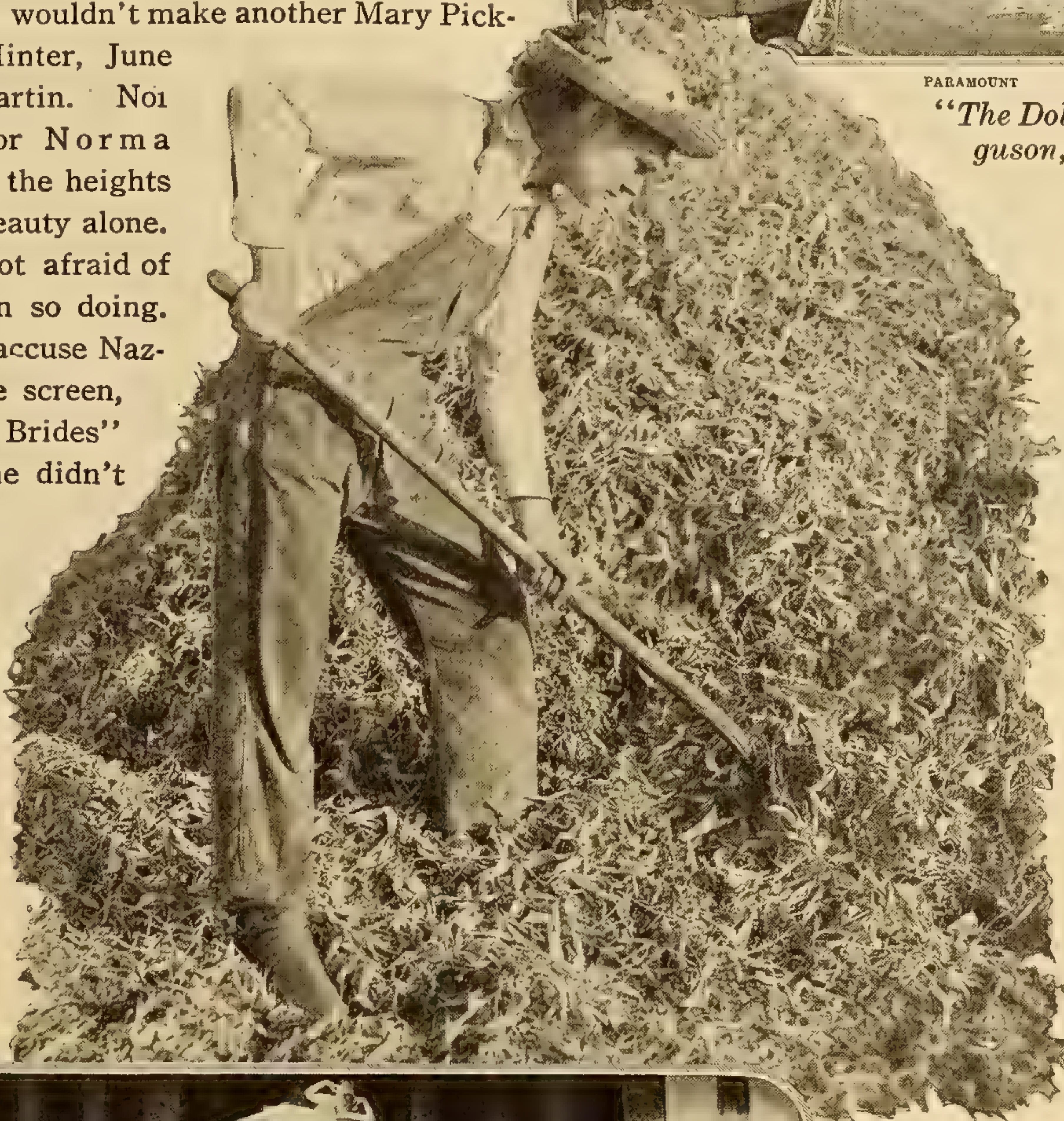
motion picture screen, but beauty alone does not make an interesting picture. I would say that the first duty of a motion picture camera is to find "thought" and record it. A star who has beauty doesn't get so far on just beauty. There are some stars who feel that "beauty" alone is essential, or so much more essential than acting that, even if they do know how to act, they refuse to contribute acting to their pictures, for fear that it may spoil their studied "still beauty."

Directors are much to blame along these lines, particularly when they are handling a woman who has been known as a famous beauty. This is the reason for the number of stupid, uninteresting pictures featuring such actresses and singers as Mary Garden, Lina Cavalieri and Maxine Elliott. A million Pickford curls wouldn't make another Mary Pickford or Mary Miles Minter, June Caprice or Vivian Martin. Nor would Anita Stewart or Norma Talmadge have reached the heights they have attained on beauty alone. They can act and are not afraid of spoiling their beauty in so doing. Certainly no one would accuse Nazimova of beauty on the screen, but her acting in "War Brides" was so splendid that one didn't stop to question whether she was beautiful on or off the stage or not. There has been a surfeit of "still beauties" on the screen. Lucille gowns and ermine wraps are now a matter of course. Mabel Normand in her funny character make-up in Keystone comedies, when she



PARAMOUNT

*"The Doll's House," Elsie Ferguson, star, will soon be released.*



didn't care what happened to her queer clothes or whether her hair was all fluffs or puffs, was a far more interesting personality than she ever will be as a conventional, nice, properly gowned miss. As to men screen stars, there are some pretty boys who have soft brown eyes and dark curly hair and sweet smiles, such as Carlyle Blackwell, J. Warren Kerrigan and Francis X. Bushman; but where do they get off when compared with Charlie Chaplin or William S. Hart?

PARAMOUNT

*Let it never be said that Charles Ray doesn't know beans. This scene from "The Hired Man" is proof that he does.*

Mr. Tucker also says: "In my experience the hard, searching studio lights are cruel to facial irregularities. They seem to laugh at plainness and hold it up to

ridicule. On the other hand, they make a pretty girl seem beautiful." That may be Mr. Tucker's experience, but it is not the experience of others. Some of the fairest and prettiest of girls do not photograph well. Hazel Dawn is an instance of this. Perfect and delicate features do not always make for screen beauty. On the other hand, I have known girls to photograph beautifully who are decidedly plain in



GOLDWYN

*The fashion parade in "Dodging a Million" is enough to drive any woman to—the dressmaker. The play is one of Mabel Normand's latest and most elaborate offerings.*



real life. Screen beauty, as well as stage beauty, does not always denote real beauty. However much feminine beauty in all forms is pleasing to the eye, motion picture directors should remember that if the public is to be fed up on it seven days a week, it soon becomes tiresome. A steady diet of dainty French *entres* makes one long for a plain boiled New England dinner. Deeds of heroism take place in tenement rooms, and big hearts beat under the cheapest, sorriest raiment. If an actress can interest the people, make them laugh or make them cry, they'll love her, even if she is "just plain" and hasn't a Petrova profile, Madge Kennedy eyes or Mary Pickford curls.

### A Club for Studio Girls

From Los Angeles comes word that Louise Huff has been elected president of the Studio Club of Hollywood. Further information states: "This club is an organization formed for the benefit of studio girls, providing them with a place to live, in an atmosphere of good cheer and home-like surroundings. They have a knitting night, an evening is devoted to making surgical dressings and bandages for the Red Cross, but the real big time is Saturday evening, when open house is kept for the soldiers and sailors, an old-fashioned dance enjoyed, and entertainment offered by prominent motion picture stars." This worthy organization certainly deserves the support of all those who have the best interests of the motion picture industry at heart. The club is to be congratulated in having such a charming little president.

### Why Failures Strew the Starry Way

Mildred Cram, in the *Theatre Magazine*, maintains that the photodrama, although "provoking, uneven and for the most part inexpertly handled," is as much an art as the spoken drama. To support her contention, she points as evidence to Mrs. Fiske, Ethel Barrymore, Laura Hope Crews, Emily Stevens and Viola Allen as having "failed utterly (in the screen drama), in spite of their intelligence and magnetism, to accomplish what Mary Pickford, who is an unskilled actress behind the footlights, accomplishes unerringly before the camera." Miss Cram names such stage stars as "Tree, Maude, Faversham, Sothorn and Daly" as being failures in the cinema, as also "such professional fun-makers as Sam Bernard, Raymond Hitchcock and Eddie Foy." She says, referring to these artists from the stage who have failed to "register" on the screen, that "their shadow selves have ogled and grimaced, writhed and languished, strutted and wept, and no one has been impressed or moved."

A few reasons why these stars have failed so utterly before the camera might be stated, in justice to both the motion picture and to the stage star. *Current Opinion*, in common with the majority of opinions, is partly right and just as partly wrong in stating that "the reason, of course, lies largely in the fact that motion pictures have nothing to do with the magic of the living voice, the magnetism of the living flesh, unsoftened by skipping spotlights and other accessories native to the stage."

Please notice, first, stage stars who have failed: De Wolf Hopper. This star of old-time comic-opera fame failed on the screen, because his voice was his principal

asset. He was well handled in pictures, but the best handling in the world cannot give screen value to the voice. The failure in this instance belongs to the producers. They certainly should have had sense enough to know that De Wolf Hopper would be no money-maker in filmdom. They were experienced producers, but they relied solely on an established name to bring success. Eddie Foy's experience with the movies is rather amusing to relate. It seems that Mack Sennett, who engaged him and also directed him, worked as a chorus man in Eddie Foy's own show at the Casino Theater, New York. Sennett, in fact, came directly to the Biograph, where he began his motion picture career, from Eddie Foy's chorus. It was pretty hard for Foy to take direction from his former chorus man, but when he was told that he didn't know how to act—that was too much for the Foy temperament! Is it any wonder some pictures are a mess? Is it any wonder stage stars fail on the screen, and isn't it rather funny, why? I wouldn't like to say George Cohan failed in pictures without seeing more of his work. "Broadway Jones," his introductory picture, did not give him much of an opportunity. The story and direction could have been better. Willie Collier, as delightful a comedian as there is on the stage to-day, failed utterly in the movies. Either he had poor direction or he would not take direction. It is hard sometimes for a clever actor and stage director to take orders from small-fry movie directors. There are certain rules of the trade that the camera man's lowly second assistant could tell to even a Bernhardt, and they must be observed. Jack Barrymore would have become a popular movie hero, with another Fairbanks following, had he persisted. However, he was in pictures one week and on the stage the next, and jumping in and out that way doesn't help to establish one with the movie fans.

### Those Who Have Registered Success

As to the dramatic stars who have made good: Arnold Daly has a personality that is as attractive on the screen as it is on the stage. As he is a stage producer himself and a man who thinks, it is a safe bet that any motion picture direction given him that isn't intelligent doesn't get by. William Farnum is a capable actor, as telling in his work on the screen as on the stage. He is now better known as a movie actor. He has always had good stories and good direction, which two necessities to movie success would have established as favorites quite a few stage stars who have seemingly failed. William S. Hart is now a movie star of such magnitude that many no doubt really think his only dramatic experience has been with the movies. He, however, was the original *Messala*, in "Ben-Hur," and his greatest stage success was as *Cash Hawkins*, in "The Squaw Man." His last part on the stage was as old *Jud Tolliver*, in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." He received his training under old Daniel Bandman, a German tragedian who toured in one-night stands and helped to establish such stars as Julia Marlowe and Viola Allen. He was a very melodramatic actor on the stage, and his highest salary was possibly two hundred per week. Hart is essentially a movie actor. He has "screen personality" and has succeeded through sustained good work. William Faversham had everything in his favor for screen success.





ESSANAY

He made his first appearance (and only one, I believe) in a screen-proof story, Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way." It was the most cruelly butchered manuscript ever screened. The scenario couldn't have been worse, nor could the direction, nor could Mr. Faversham, in my judgment. He seemed to be amused at it all—as if saying to himself: "Well, I've got myself into this, and I'll go through with it. They're paying me well." His was an unnecessary failure, probably due to indifference, when he first saw "movies in the making" and the general incompetence surrounding the production of the picture a sorry miscalculation.

Some say Sir Herbert Tree failed in "Macbeth," but I do not think so. It was a beautiful production, and Sir Herbert gave a splendid screen performance of the character of *Macbeth*. It was rather a failure of William Shakespeare. His works to-day are no more popular on the stage than they are in the cinema. As sterling an actor as Nat Goodwin failed completely on the screen. He really has been put to no fair test as to whether he has screen possibilities or not. "Oliver Twist" was not directed by the most competent man. One cannot say Nat Goodwin failed simply because he appeared in a bad picture. He has never



ESSANAY

*Mary MacLane is controlled by many moods in "Men Who Have Made Love to Me." Is it Walt Whitman she studies so intently? He said, you know, "I celebrate myself."*

had a chance to prove himself. Sidney Drew has had a remarkably brilliant career, both on the vaudeville stage in clever sketches written by his first wife, Gladys Rankin, and in motion pictures in a line of domestic comedies. He was always a better actor than his half-brother, John Drew, who was a matinee idol in the old days at Daly's, when there were such things as matinee idols and woman suffrage wasn't with us. Sidney Drew is an all-round clever writer, producer, speaking actor and movie star.

Of the younger screen stars, Charles Ray's experience is of interest. He was an obscure Dutch comedian playing "small time" in cheap vaudeville houses on the Pacific coast. He was fortunate in affiliating with a good company and staying with it. George Beban used to play eccentric comedy parts, Frenchmen in Lew Fields productions. He was a clever stage actor, but "nothing like" what he is as a cinema actor. He has had good direction and stories. He possibly helps direct his own pictures. Fairbanks's history is too well known to need to be told here. Had he remained on the stage, he would own fewer Liberty Bonds.

Julian Eltinge, always in my mind a freak attraction, has been equally successful in the movies and on the stage.





PARAMOUNT—POSED EXCLUSIVELY FOR FILM FUN

PHOTO BY VICTOR GEORG

*Elsie Ferguson's acting for the screen is like a "Song Without Words"; none are needed. Grace, beauty and sympathy are gifts with which Mother Nature dowered her, but she has achieved full command of all these through conscientious study and a love for hard work. Some of her views on the value of the "silent drama" are given in her article on the opposite page.*





PARAMOUNT

*The weird, appealing beauty of Miss Ferguson in "Rose of the World" holds the casual spectator captivated, and thrills the intelligent as no spoken word could do. Nor is her charm of the baby doll type. One need not know the story of the play to appreciate the "bit" here pictured.*

## Advantages of the Screen Over the Stage

*A Comparison and a Prophecy With Some Comments by the Way*

By ELSIE FERGUSON

**T**OO MUCH enthusiasm is often quite as misleading as too little, yet I can truthfully say that personally I like the so-called "silent" drama very much more than the legitimate stage. This, the point of view of the player, is, of course, only one aspect of the comparison which I hope to make between stage and screen work; yet to me it is naturally the most important, so I will take it up first. One must consider the question, too, from the angle of the director—perhaps most of all—and from the viewpoint of the public.

First, I want to clear up a mistaken impression entertained by many—that screen players do not learn their parts, that screen drama is literally the "silent" drama. This is not the fact. Each player learns his lines as carefully as if he were to speak them on the stage, but with the difference that they need be studied only one at a time, or just the words to fit the scene need be learned for the taking of that scene. Personally I find that this gives far greater spontaneity than in stage work, where one of the hardest tasks of a player is to give his words freshness and spontaneity, when he must repeat them over and over daily for months. Also, I always say my lines aloud, giving exactly the emphasis and stress that I would for a stage

performance. I understand that this method is not followed by all stars, some of whom merely repeat the words to themselves. Most all of them, however, follow my procedure.

The variety of screen work, its ever-varying fields and the broad scope available for each star, is obvious and need not be touched upon. The screen work that I have enjoyed the most, and to which I have consequently been able to give my best effort, has been in out-of-door scenes such as a stage director could not hope to rival.

The personal side, of course, enters into this equation of mine, and I am sure anyone who has ever tried both stage and screen will agree when I say that the latter is vastly more desirable, and for many reasons. First of all, there is the fact that it is healthier. One is able to keep fairly regular hours, and one's evenings are free. For example, I am able to live at home most of the time, the infrequent trips coming just often enough to be a real pleasure, not comparable to the wearying travel of a "touring" stage production. I have my luncheon prepared at my home and sent to the studio every day, and so avoid the restaurant food which would be my lot otherwise. This satisfies me and meets Mr. Hoover's strictest demands as well.





PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

HARTSOOK PHOTO

Mary Pickford has been familiarizing herself with California out-doors for some of the breezy scenes in "M'liss," her next picture.

Maurice Tourneur, who directed the marvelous production of "The Blue Bird," from Maeterlinck's famous play, and who is now directing me in a screen version of Ibsen's "A Doll's House," is a screen "fan" like myself. He, of course, looks at the matter from quite a different angle, yet I agree with him in all he says. We were discussing "The Blue Bird" the other day and its adaptability for the screen, in spite of the discouraging prophecies of many film folk. Mr. Tourneur, in speaking of his one-time teacher, the late Auguste Rodin, said the French master had believed "The Blue Bird" would come to the screen in time, when a director with a knowledge of symbolic values, a keen grasp of all the arts and a vivid imagination could be found to produce it.

"A Doll's House," at first, seemed quite as ambitious an undertaking as "The Blue Bird," so subtle is Ibsen's style, so dependent upon whispered conferences and keywords which unlock the subconscious, half-said truths. Mr. Tourneur, however, is a master of illusion, of atmosphere and fantasies, and his ambition is to make the screen as expressive of the finest, subtlest thought and emotion as great music, inspired poetry or lyric prose. He has expanded Ibsen's meaning to the full circumference of his thought, and I believe that, thanks to him, "A Doll's House" is receiving a finer expression than it has ever had before.

Having had a varied and interesting career, beginning in Paris, where he was first a decorator and designer, and carrying him on to an association with Rodin, the greatest of modern sculptors, and with Puvis de Chavannes, the mural painter, Mr. Tourneur has had ample opportunity to compare the stage and screen from a purely artistic point of view. He has worked on the speaking stage, having appeared with Madame Rejane, touring South America, England, Spain, Portugal, Italy and parts of Africa. Like myself, however, he has turned to the screen for the fullest achievement of his career, and, like me, he believes in it as the most mobile medium for artistic expression.

The third and most important phase of a comparison between the stage and screen is, of course, the point of view of the public. This has been most often touched upon, as it concerns everyone—those of us who are "screen fans" and the few remaining so-called "highbrows," or persons who have either not given the films a chance to justify themselves or who have been unfortunate in seeing some of the poor films which, in spite of repeated efforts on the part of all screen folk, still persist in cropping out.

But nearly everyone is willing to be taught the error of his viewpoint in this respect, and most people will admit that their prejudices are based on a misconception. "The Blue Bird," I should think, would be a final argument for those few persons who do not yet care for motion pictures. Anyone who has seen it can never forget the impression of beauty, of profound truths forced home by sheer symbolism and images that, as they flick over the screen, form each a perfect picture worthy a master's canvas.

The matter of expense is important to everyone in these war days. Rich and poor alike are attempting, more or less successfully, to cut expenses. What better place to start than on the "amusement" budget? The great theaters.

(Continued in advertising section)



# EDITORIAL

## The Public Is Responsible

**A** GOODLY number of independent producers have recently entered the motion picture industry. This would indicate that the association formed during the first of the year to promote direct dealing has found favor. A good many producing concerns could be maintained for a long time with the amount of money which hitherto has been absorbed by the middlemen, who really contributed nothing to the enterprise. If only all concerned will insist that the standard of plays is what it should be, a long stride ahead will have been taken. Unfortunately, the adventurer into film producing has as little to guide him as the "forty-niners" who made a mad rush for the gold fields on insufficient information. Because of this lack of knowledge, the trail they traveled was marked for many years by their bleached bones, and in like manner the financial skeleton of many a worthy and ambitious picture promoter is apt to be all that is left to indicate his contribution to the development of the picture industry. With the aid of the sixth sense to influence his choice of scenarios, and the application of plain business principles, there is a greater chance to-day for success than there has ever been—not the meteoric sort of bonanza days, but the sure, safe, sane, cause-and-effect kind of success that will prove a lasting satisfaction.

## A Harmful Phrase

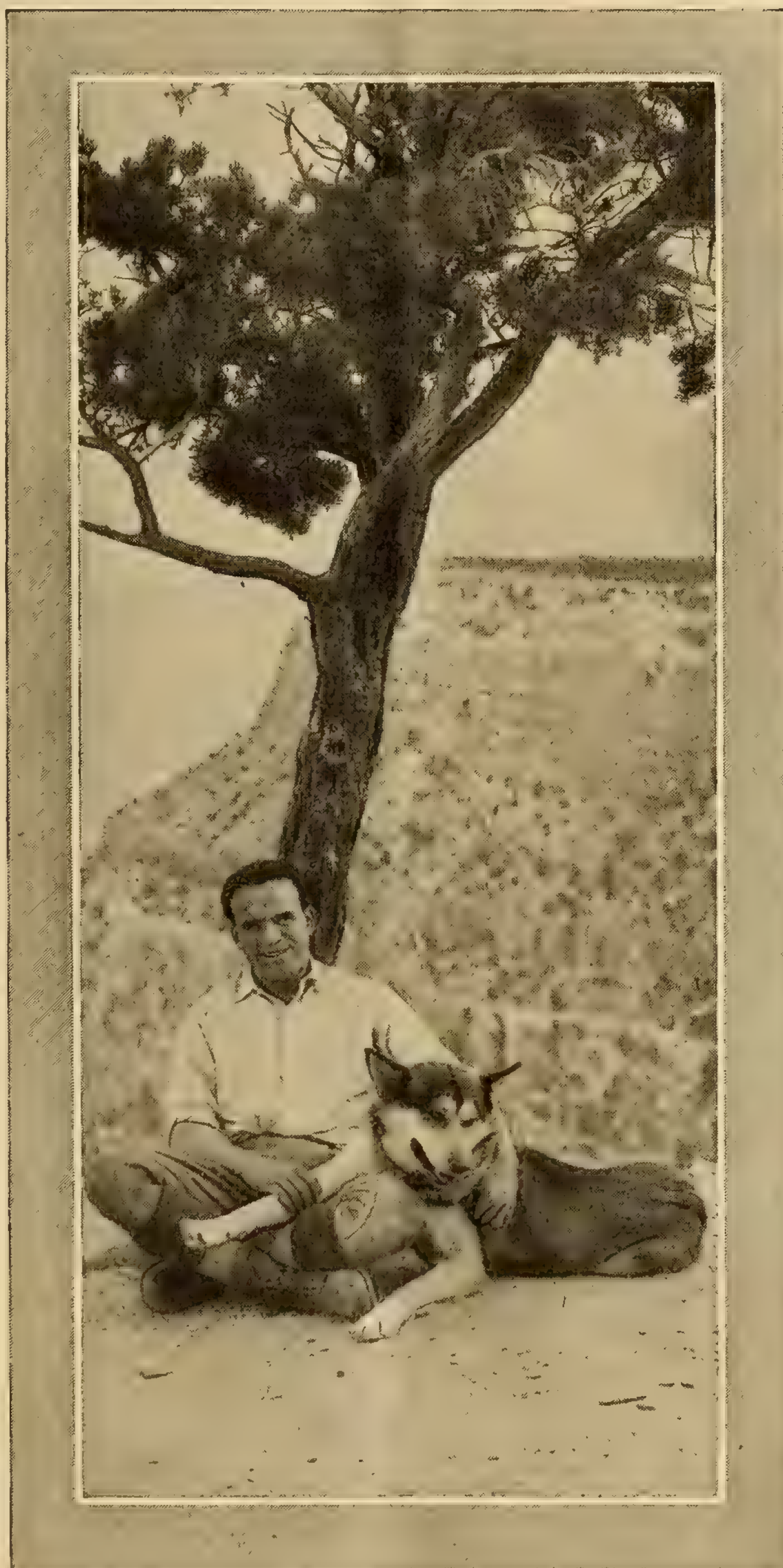
**H**AVING at heart the best interests of a great enterprise, FILM FUN wants to enter a protest against the phrase, heard constantly in connection with almost every department of the industry—"nobody knows." It is probably true enough. Nobody knows how much help the stars have given, and are giving, to the Liberty Loan, the Red Cross, War Savings, benefits general and special, and

other causes, not to mention the very large number of men in actual war service. How many people are engaged—whether two million or a few thousand are involved—nobody knows. But somebody ought to know. Somebody ought to find out and see to it that credit is given where credit is due. It isn't fair to the workers who give so generously of their time, substance and initiative, and it isn't fair to the industry as a whole that they should lose the honor rightly theirs. And, on the other hand, it isn't fair that shirkers and slackers, whose plan is "to let George

do it," should be aided in their undertaking by the statement, "Nobody knows." Some justification for the existing state of affairs is found in the rapidity with which the industry has grown. It ranks fifth in the industries of the country and is as intimately related to all our doings as the steel industry.

## Original Music for Photoplays

**P**ROPHECYING is altogether out of vogue, and in days when it flourished it was notably without honor; but, nevertheless, we would foretell that the time must come soon, when an original score will have to be written for every play that is to attain worthwhile success. Appropriate music is essential. Anyone who has seen the photoplay, "My Own United States," in which Arnold Daly is star, has had it hammered home to his inner consciousness how much music may mean to the silent drama, for the action is strengthened, upborne and at times made to approach the majestic by the musical accompaniment. This film version of "The Man Without a Country" meets the need for an awakening of the love of country, and anyone who sees and hears it is quick to feel the response from all around him. Producers should make original music a part of every feature film. The effect would be worth much more than the cost.



PARAMOUNT

*Douglas Fairbanks says "Ginger" proved a good comrade and enjoyed the trip and the hard work when the company was out in the Arizona desert filming "Headin' South." Who knows but that some day with his master's help Ginger may take part in a picture presentation of the great Alaskan drama in which the malamutes have played such an exciting and wonderful part.*





PARAMOUNT

HARTSOOK PHOTO

*Kathleen Clifford says that this honest-to-goodness old-fashioned gown, created many years ago for one of her ancestors, proves they knew as much in olden times as the most modern of us concerning what to wear and how to wear it. Appearances seem to justify Miss Clifford's belief.*





PATHE

*Pearl White is discussing with Howard Chandler Christy, the artist, some details of her next serial "The House of Hate," a play destined, she believes, to inspire us all to earnest endeavor in war work by revealing Germany's many treacheries.*

## Why I Want to Work for Uncle Sam

*What a Dainty Movie Actress is Doing to Help Win the War*

By PEARL WHITE

**"I** F THE United States of America are worth living in, they are worth fighting for!"

I believe I do not make a false claim when I say that I used these words before they had been carried to the four corners of our great country on a now famous recruiting poster, and I know that no other phrase could so satisfactorily express my own conviction.

I have made what money I possess out of the greatness and bounty of my country.

I have carved my career out of the rock of America.

I have built what happiness the Supreme Power has permitted me to attain, out of the beauty of her fields, the majesty of her mountains, the bigness of her cities.

America has been my land of opportunity; the American people have made it possible for me to realize the fruits of that opportunity.

What kind of a woman would I be were I not ready at any time to make sacrifices for the sake of the flag that symbolizes all for which America stands, if I should shirk any responsibility placed upon me through my allegiance to the country now so great and now on the threshold of more wonderful achievements than the world has yet known!

On several occasions I have offered my personal services in whatever capacity they would be useful. I would and could drive an ambulance or a truck, or, with training, an

aeroplane. But I have been told that many others can do the same, that women had best not risk becoming a liability in Europe, that I can do more valuable work by simply "putting everything I've got" into making more photoplays and better photoplays, not only for the millions at home, but for the hundreds of thousands abroad. So be it.

I want to do what Uncle Sam tells me to do. I want to work for him, because I stand wholeheartedly and unreservedly behind him in this war. I believe it will prove the test by fire from which America, till now a mighty thing of rough iron, will emerge as tempered steel.

I am often pointed out as typifying the American spirit, but I do not believe many people know that my father was an Irishman, born here, and my mother a Corsican from the land of Napoleon. Since I was a wee kid I have been conscious of my Americanism. I don't know what has made me feel it deeply. Nobody ever told me; but the consciousness was there—just something inside me.

That is what this war is going to do for every man and woman in America, no matter where he or she was born. It will awaken them to a consciousness of being American. It will make them appreciate the fact. It will make the colors of all the national emblems represented in our polyglot population dissolve into the Red, White and Blue, because they will have been privileged to make sacrifices



for the emblem in a great cause—and what real good ever came to anyone who did not give up something to make himself worthy to receive it?

When the authorities asked me to pose for a war poster by Howard Chandler Christy, I was glad to do so.

When the navy officers asked me to aid them in stimulating recruiting, I rode a beam from the pavement in Forty-second Street to the twenty-second story of a building then being constructed. A crowd gathered, and I distributed navy pamphlets, made a speech, and according to the officers helped the game along. I was pleased to be of service.

When the Liberty Loan drive came, I made in one night a circuit of twenty-one theaters in New York as a Four-Minute "Man," and I'll do it again when the next loan is on.

When the income tax came, I was glad to pay my share of it—anything the government thinks I should pay. It's doing my bit.

When my chauffeur said he'd like to enlist immediately after America went in, I did all I could to help him, though he had been with me for years and was the best man I ever saw in his line. Through friends I got him into aviation. He made good and is now "somewhere in France" with a commission.

If arrangements can be made, I want to help in the big propaganda play now being projected.

If the government wants me for a propaganda picture, I'll play a maid with two scenes, while somebody else has the "big stuff." If Uncle Sam says so, that is all there is to it. I am ready here and now, and at any time, for anything that the Big Boss wants me to do.

Pearl White

## F L A S H B A C K S

### *Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips*

**N**O NEED to worry over this year's supply of pepper! Fay Tincher is back in the pictures.

Warner Oland is urging everyone to come across for the Red Cross, so as to give the iron cross the double cross.

It is hinted that Creighton Hale is so tired of serials that he eschews all his old-time favorite breakfast foods.

"The forbidden path" does not refer to the one leading to the coal bin. That's all over with—until next winter.

James Russell has a kick coming, but he can't land it. He broke his ankle during the fight scene in "The Girl Who Dared."

Edna Goodrich wears a million dollars' worth of dry goods in "Who Loved Him Best?" At least, it so appears to the average he.

Mabel Normand has a brilliant new photoplay, "Dodging a Million." Huh! in these hard times we wouldn't even dodge a dollar.

"Kindling" has been filmed, and a Minneapolis exhibitor who has booked it wants to know "what's the use of kindling if you ain't got no coal?"

Tom Forman has enlisted in the army; Edward Earle has joined the aviation corps; Will Munchoff has just got married. How brave American men are!

Ethel Teare never has her photo taken in a bathing suit. She says there are two reasons. None of our business, Ethel, but what's wrong with 'em?

Mary MacLane has hurled herself into the screen in "Men Who Have Made Love to Me." We are anxious to learn her verdict on J. Warren Kerrigan.

We asked our coal dealer to attend a performance with us of Paramount's "The Guilty Man." He refused, saying the pictures were getting too darned personal.

Peggy Hyland lost her dog, "Jackpot," that she brought

from England, and it was a long time before he was found. A great many screen actors have lost jackpots that were never recovered.

Hooray! At last we are to have "Mickey" and Mabel Normand in her sawed-off overalls and Chaplinesque shoes! Ah, as the poet says: "Rags are royal raiment when worn on Mabel's shape!"

William S. Hart, in "An Apostle of Vengeance," made such a splendid impression as a minister that a Western church sent him a call. However, they made such a noise in the studios that Hart couldn't hear it.

It is rumored that the title to the book Mary Pickford is writing will be "How To Live on a Hundred Thousand Dollars a Year." She maintains that, with present prices and such an income, one might with strict economy have pie twice a week.

The "less" day habit is spreading. Artcraft will produce a starless play. It is called "The Whispering Chorus," and although the cast contains the monickers of several well-known stars, they will not be featured. This innovation will be as welcome to the stars as the Kaiser would be in Paris.

#### What They Missed

They boast about the ancient days,  
In rounded prose and solemn lays;  
But I just wink my eye, you see,  
For that stuff don't go down with me.  
The gods of Greece were awful slow—  
They never saw a picture show.

Along with a consignment of pictures of the "Beauty Brigade" comes the information that Venice, Cal., held its annual bathing-suit contest recently, and the entire male population of Southern California volunteered to officiate as judges. Only bookkeepers were selected, however. They were used to figures, and therefore able to keep their mind on the job.





VITAGRAPH

CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD PHOTO

*Alice Joyce is starring in a series of Robert W. Chambers photoplays. "The Business of Life," soon to be released, is apparently pleasant and absorbing, if we may judge by the lilies and the rapt unbusiness-like appearance of Alice.*



# Microscopic Movie Marvels

*How Invisible Atoms are Made to Prance on the Screen Like Wild Animals*

By HORACE D. ASHTON



ARGUS PICTORIAL

(Insert) Horace D. Ashton.  
At work in the studio, with

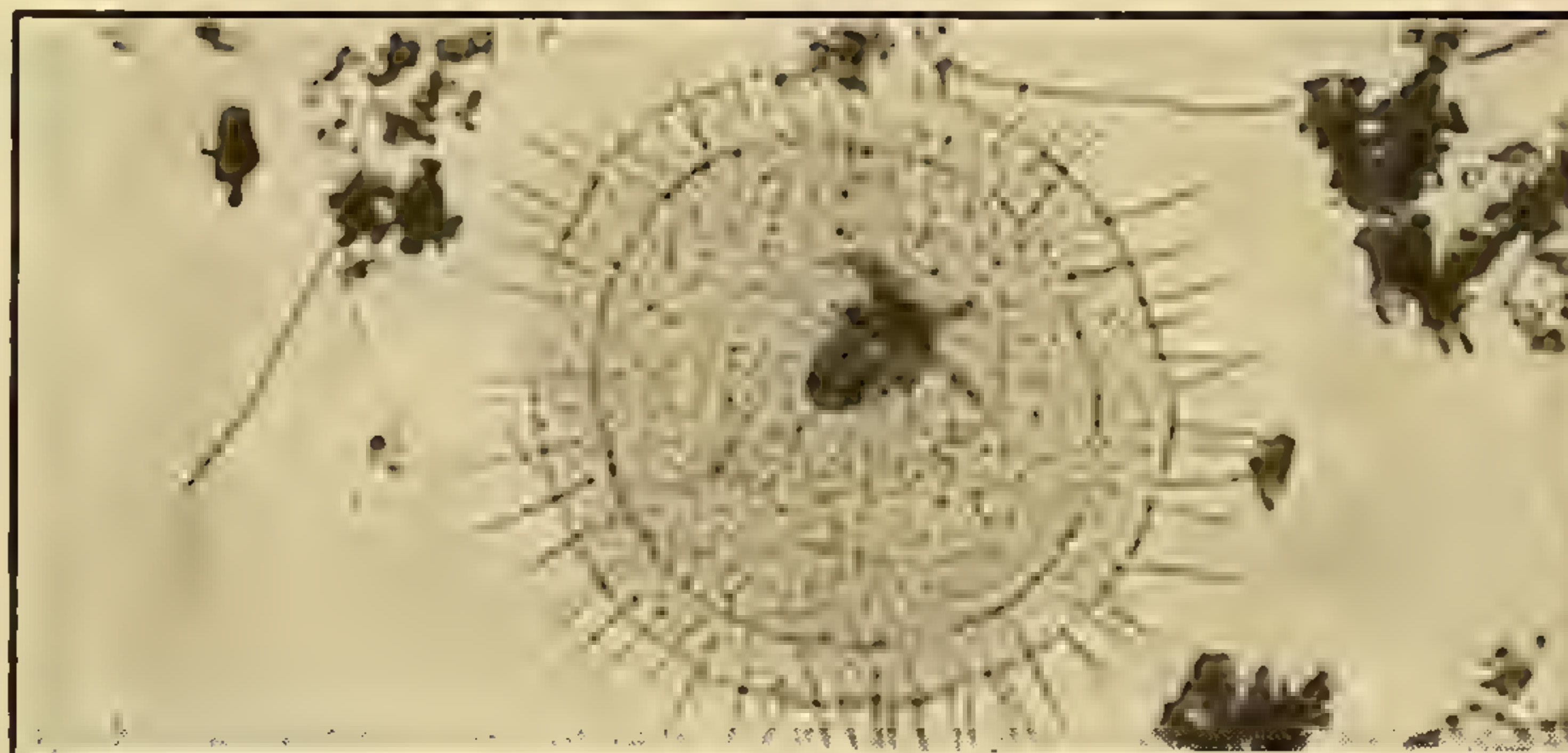
SO FAR as I know, mine is one of the few successful experiments in the taking of motion pictures of micro-organisms, and the first to follow a continuity in the scenarios. If audiences find the films a tithe as interesting as I have found the making of them, my efforts will have been worth while. And the undertaking is by no means simple, as you shall see.

I arrange a sort of scenario in which the species to be filmed is permitted to work out his life story. In each case the problem of sustenance seems to dominate. Take, if you please, a "Vorticella" or bell animalculae; the bell, which resembles a lily-of-the-valley, swings at the end of a contractile stem with which it fastens itself to other objects. The edge of the bell is fringed with cilia—fine, hair-like projections—which create a current in the water, thus attracting its food.

To secure this and similar motion pictures, the ob-



*Beavers building a dam in the North woods.*



*Actino Sphaerium digesting young cyclops which he has devoured.*

*stage set, camera ready, his actors under the microscope.*

ject, magnified many diameters, plays its part in a field of action one-one-hundredths of an inch in width. The performer takes up a large portion of this space, and in one jump may move clear out of the field of observation. To manipulate the field with one hand while cranking the camera with the other is not an undertaking in which one can perfect himself in one lesson. When I am at work, the performer is magnified only two hundred, four hundred or eight hundred diameters, according to the power of the objective; but the mo-

tion picture projecting machine magnifies the film about one hundred and forty-four diameters, which must be multiplied by the four hundred or eight hundred aforesaid to get at the fact, and that is that the picture you see on the screen of microscopic life is magnified some thirty thousand diameters or more.

I have been fortunate in securing the friendly cooperation of men of high standing and authority, such as



Dr. Roy W. Minor, assistant curator of the Department of Invertebrate Zoology, Museum of Natural History, New York, who assisted in filming the microscopic pond life; Frank E. Lutz, curator of the Department of Entomology of the American Museum of Natural History, in photographing insect life; and Dr. E. P. Felt, New York State entomologist, who has specialized on foes to plant life, such as the alder blight, and others. A great deal of my success is due, too, to the tireless energy and enthusiasm of my associate, J. James De Vyver, arboriculturalist.

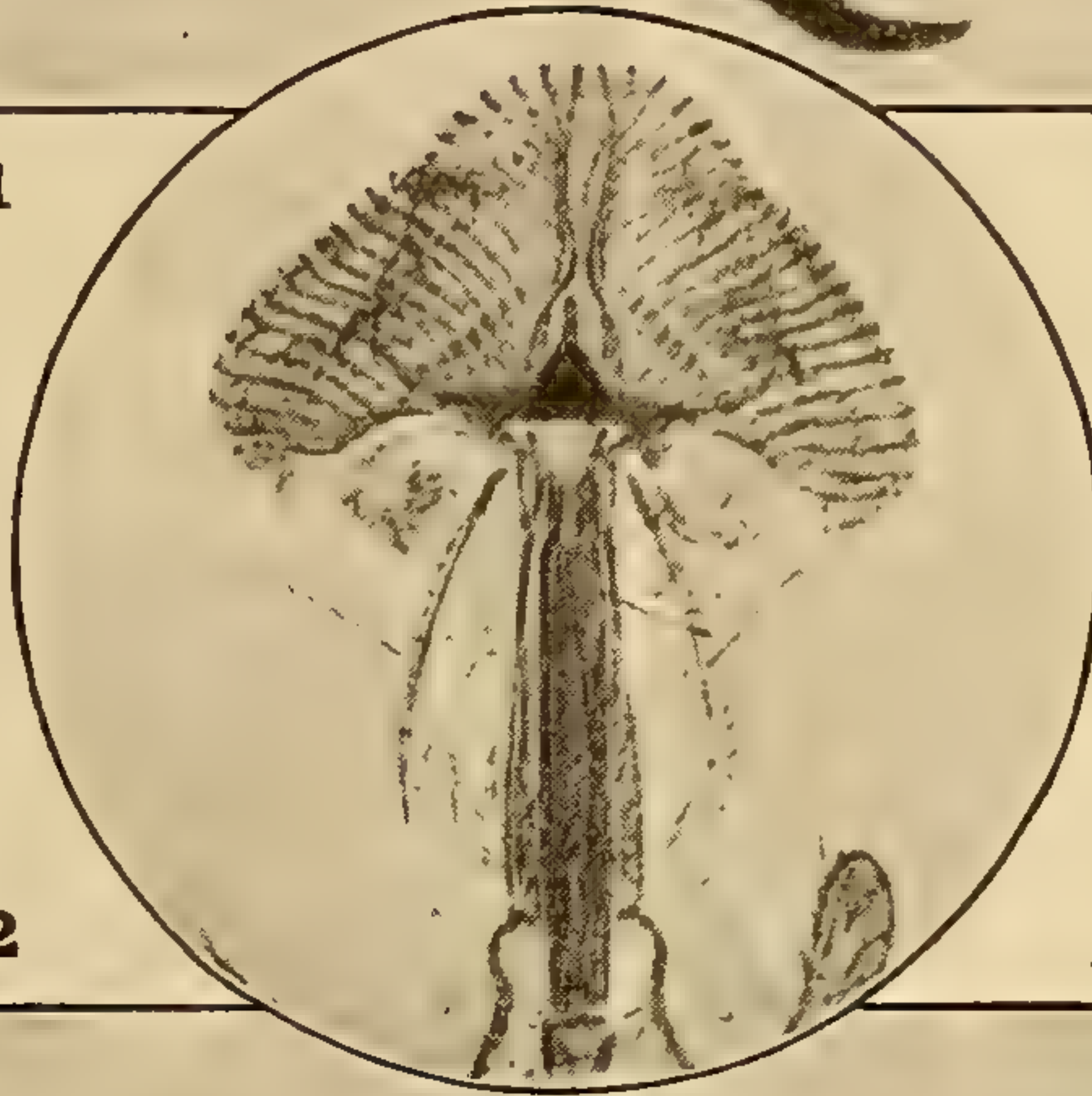
My actors are temperamental, too. Like other motion picture stars, they sulk at times, for no reason I, as director of the action, can fathom. Light seems to affect their movements. A ray too much of red intoxicates and inspires them to eccentric behavior, but a blue light seems to restore them to sanity and orderliness. All of these little animals live in cold water, and as the quantity used is about what you could lift on the point of a pin, the direct rays of light which the camera requires can be allowed to play on the field but a few seconds at a time, else heat prostration will overtake the performers.

The utility of motion pictures such as these may be inferred from the "stills" from a late release, which we may call "The House Fly's Revenge." It shows how this villain wrecks homes and destroys families. I am asked to accept a scenario in which "Jersey Skeeter" shall play the lead, and probably this will be on the screen before summer. Plays like this are easier to stage. The actors are magnified only about five hundred diameters. Individuality has opportunity that isn't possible in a mob scene such as seems inevitable when you consider that in a drop of water there are approximately fifty thousand animalcule.

I am asked sometimes to explain how it happens that I, for many years a globe-trotter and adventurer, a war correspondent throughout the Russo-Japanese War, and an explorer for a number of years, find this work so absorbing and inspiring. "What's the use of it all?" people want to know. Well, it is a good thing to learn to distinguish friends from en-



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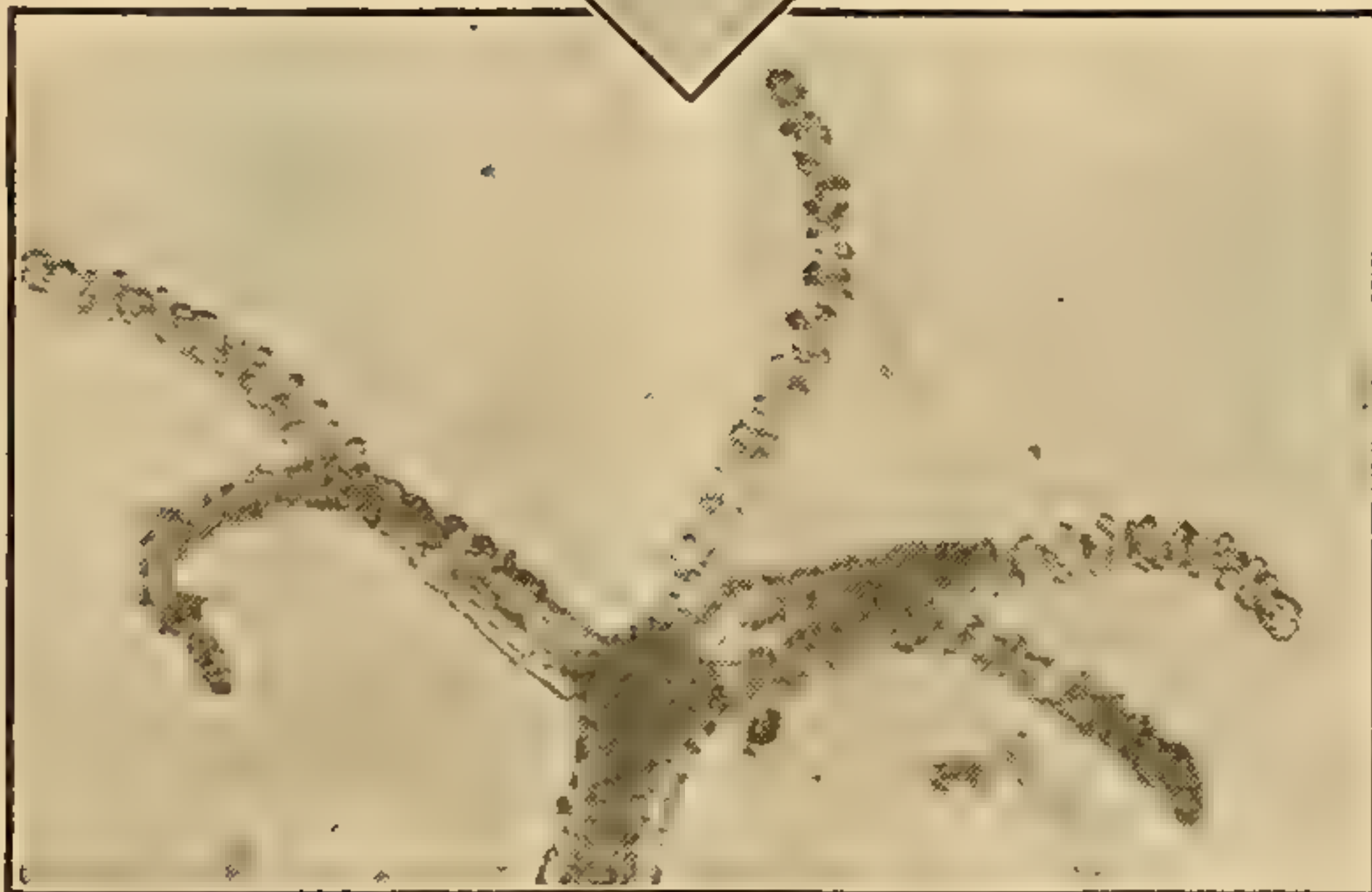


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5



ARGUS PICTORIAL

1. The foot of a fly, magnified 400 diameters. 2. Tongue of the common house fly, magnified 400 diameters. 3. Bud hydra. This species reproduces by branching out thus from the parent. 4. *Stylonichia*, magnified 1600 diameters. 5. *Hydra rividis*. A severed tentacle develops into a complete organism, magnified to some 400 diameters.

emies, and that I can teach. The constructive vastly outnumber the destructive in the micro-organisms. Take, for instance, the nematodes. More than a score of distinct species are concerned at all times in maintaining us in health. Bacteria multiply in much the same way and run their life cycle with about the same speed the bacilli do, and just now if the dangers of entertaining unawares the pneumococcus and the diplococcus are known, and the beneficent activities of those friendly little folks, these silent guardians, are so understood that we can avail ourselves of their aid, many a case of pneumonia or diphtheria can be warded off. The fresh-water hydra makes an interesting scenario along these lines. His favorite food, plenteously partaken, keeps the water he inhabits in good condition. Of course, when it comes to visualizing the animals on which he feeds, fine work is required; but it has been done, as the picture of the *Actino Sphaerium* shows.

But microscopic life is only one feature of the Argus programs. Among interesting industries we discovered that the process of gold beating—making the tissue sheets of pure gold, used the world over in many industries, but most familiar to us in the dentist's work—is the same now as when perfected by Persian beaters some eight hundred years ago. The film shows every step of this process, from the brick as it leaves the smelter, through the ingot, to the finished sheet, which is one-three-hundred-thousandth of an inch in thickness.

Anyone who wants to know just how a dam should be built and how the work can be accomplished in record time will enjoy the picture made not long ago, when we were able to film the home building of a colony of beavers engaged in the construction of a village.

I find in my work, more and more every day and all day long, that Stevenson was right when he wrote:

"The world is so full of a number of things,  
I am sure we should all be as happy  
as kings."

*Anna S. Ashton*





EDISON

*In this scene from "Aliens" Kiki-San seems to think the answer to the riddle of life may be read in her tea-cup.*

## The Evolution of a Star

*How One Ambitious Little Girl Was Made Over for the Movies*

By SHIRLEY MASON

WHEN Mr. Frederick A. Collins visited the Edison Studio to arrange for the production of "Seven Deadly Sins," he did me the honor of selecting me for the principal feminine role.

"Who is that girl?" he asked Mr. McChesney, the manager.

"Leonie Flugrath," was the reply.

Mr. Collins stepped up to me. "I admire your personality and methods," he said smilingly, "but I don't like your name. Will you change it?"

"Certainly I will, to get a stellar part!" I returned, the novel idea winning me like a flash. He just as promptly replied, "You are Shirley Mason now!" and Shirley Mason I have stayed ever since.

I suppose Mr. Collins had been reading the Bronte sisters' novels and found "Shirley" rather pleasant browsing. At

any rate, he had the name ready coined before entering the studio, knew of my work in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and had mentally selected me to star opposite George Le Guere, prior to our introduction.

I am now very fond of the appellation "Shirley Mason," though for quite a while it gave me a queer sense of dual personality. You see, I had been identified with "Leonie Flugrath" so long—ever since, in fact, I created the part of *Little Hal* for William Faversham in "The Squaw Man." That was at the mature age of three and a half or four years. You had to be seven years old to play here then, but I played the part in Buffalo, where "The Squaw Man" opened.

From *Little Hal* I progressed to the role of Meenie in Joe Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle," and later appeared for a whole



EDISON

*Ceremonial costume in cherry-blossom land.*



season with Richard Bennett in "Passersby." There were three of us Flugrath sisters, Edna, Viola and myself, all child actresses on the speaking stage. I remember how delighted I was to succeed Viola in the name part of "The Poor Little Rich Girl." She had been the "road" star of the play for a year when other work claimed her; this gave me the opportunity to head the show for a season in the "provinces."

Like Mary Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish and some others, we grew into stardom from infancy; when the film field opened, we were acquainted with every angle of stage art and could adapt ourselves more readily to the kindred art of the motion picture. A glance at the life histories of the leading picture stars—I mean particularly the girl stars—shows that a large proportion are the stage children of five, ten or fifteen years back.

I followed Viola in the films just as I had done in the case of "The Poor Little Rich Girl." We were all living in that part of New York called the Bronx, and my sister was playing at the Edison Studio. At her request I accompanied her one day and was put on as an "extra." From "standing back of the crowd and yelling," in pictures, I was soon advanced to small parts, and subsequently to leading ones. My first "regular" picture was "The Little Saleslady." Eddie Taylor was my first director, but perhaps I am best remembered in support of Ann Murdock in "Where Love Is." Anyhow, when Viola left, I evolved into the Edison's leading woman, and thence to "stock" star, thanks to Mr. Collins's selection of me for the McClure morality series.

One of my pleasantest recent tasks was the title role of "The Appletree Girl." It was a big change from this "homey" rural character to the distinctively Japanese part of *Kiku-San* in Mr. McChesney's six-reel feature, "Aliens," which we have just completed under Mr. Bernard J. Durning's direction.

My role is that of a Jap girl who marries an American college boy out in Tokyo, and then separates from him under the dictation of her brother. For the last three months I have been practically living in a corner of old Japan, built with the aid of Japanese-American artists in our big, glass-roofed studio. The costumes in this picture are wonderful; there are fourteen of them, harmonized and fitted by a Japanese designer, and several of them are extremely costly.

I often look back on our childish stage experience and reflect upon the unimagined changes that have been brought about. My oldest sister is Mrs. Harold Shaw, wife of the American director who is making pictures in South Africa; Viola Flugrath is Viola Dana, the Metro star; and I—am Shirley Mason. Each attained her stellar ambition, but if the Rip Van Winkle of my early "trouping" days should come back to life, he would be hard put to it to find any trace of the vanished "Flugrath girls."

*Shirley Mason*



METRO

*The ways and wiles of a Spanish dancer have changed but little from those that prevailed in the days of the Dons. Edith Story is fascinating in the interpretation she gives in "The Claim."*



# The Blue Bird for Happiness

**H**APPINESS is at a premium in war times. With heart and pocketbook overburdened, there has never been a time when gladness was needed so much as now. With every ear attuned for tidings of peace, as well as for the Easter resurrection anthem, it was happy foresight which moved the producers to present "The Blue Bird" at this opportune time, for the loveliness of childhood and its steadfast faith in the miraculous may bring new hope and courage to a war-weary world.

Lovers of Maeterlinck's master-



"Prunella" and "The Seven Swans," if it isn't a fact that "the kingdom" must be sought in the blithe spirit of childhood?

Can you imagine how this picture is likely to impress the fighting men to whom it may be shown in the little theaters behind the lines "Over There"? Could the Easter message come in more acceptable fashion or at a better time? Nature's true balance must include a provision for spiritual comfort, and out of all this horror the pursuit of the Blue Bird offers a pathway for Peace, the only king this



PARAMOUNT-ARTERAFT

piece have nothing to fear from the film version; it follows with fidelity the original. And all of us who have faith in the films will rejoice that a director has been found who can and does make photoplays in which one finds the spirit which animates true art, whether it be painting, sculpture, music or the drama. Picture plays, when they come into their own, will include all these arts, and will present the vision all of us follow in our quest for happiness—fitfully, it may be, but always more or less faithfully. Why do we all respond so joyfully to "Peter Pan," "The Blue Bird,"



(Top panel) Tyltyl and Mytyl, in their quest, have reached the gateway to "Beautiful Memory Land."

(Centre) Quaking, little wanderers filled with fear but dauntless in their pursuit of the Blue Bird.

(Bottom circle) The homely but kindly old fairy "Berlinghot."

old world of ours will yield allegiance to hereafter. It may be Maeterlinck didn't consciously purpose all this, but so it seems to be; for every play that nourishes hope, courage and steadfastness brings nearer the glad morning that will see happiness caged for all of us.





**UNLESS** your body, in every department, including the mind, is capable of withstanding abuse without distress, you have no real health, living, vital and mental power. You have but negative health. You are well by mere accident. Real health and real success come only through the power to live and to succeed. The Swoboda character of health, vitality and energy will enable you to enjoy conditions that now distress you. A unique, new and wonderful discovery that furnishes the body and brain cells with a degree of energy that surpasses imagination.

**T**HERE is a new and wonderful system of reconstructing and recreating the human organism—a system of mental and physical development that has already revolutionized the lives of men and women all over the country. It has brought them a new kind of health, strength, energy, confidence and success. It has given them such marvelous energy of mind and body that they enjoy a life so full, so intense, so thoroughly worth while, that the old life to which they were accustomed seemed totally inferior in every respect.

### No Drugs or Medicines

This new system, although it has already resulted in the complete recovery of thousands upon thousands of "extreme" cases, is just as valuable to people who are satisfied with their health. It gives them an entirely new idea of how truly healthy and happy a human being can be—how overflowing with energy, dash and life. And it is so thoroughly natural and simple that it accomplishes seemingly impossible results entirely without the use of drugs, medicines or dieting, without weights or apparatus, without violent forms of exercise, without massaging or electricity or cold baths or forced deep breathing—in fact this system does its revolutionizing work without asking you to do anything

you do not like and neither does it ask you to give up anything you do like. And so wonderful are its results that you begin to feel renewed after the first five minutes.

### How the Cells Govern Life

The body is composed of billions of cells. When illness or any other unnatural condition prevails, we must look to the cells for relief. When we lack energy and power, when we are list-

less, when we haven't smashing, driving power back of our thoughts and actions, when we must force ourselves to meet our daily business and social obligations, when we are sick or ailing, or when, for any reason, we are not enjoying a fully healthy and happy life, it is simply because certain cells are weak and inactive or totally dead. And this is true of ninety people out of every hundred, even among those who think they are well, but who are in reality missing half the pleasure of living. These facts and many others were discovered by Alois P. Swoboda, and resulted in his marvelous system of cell-culture.

### Re-Creating Human Beings

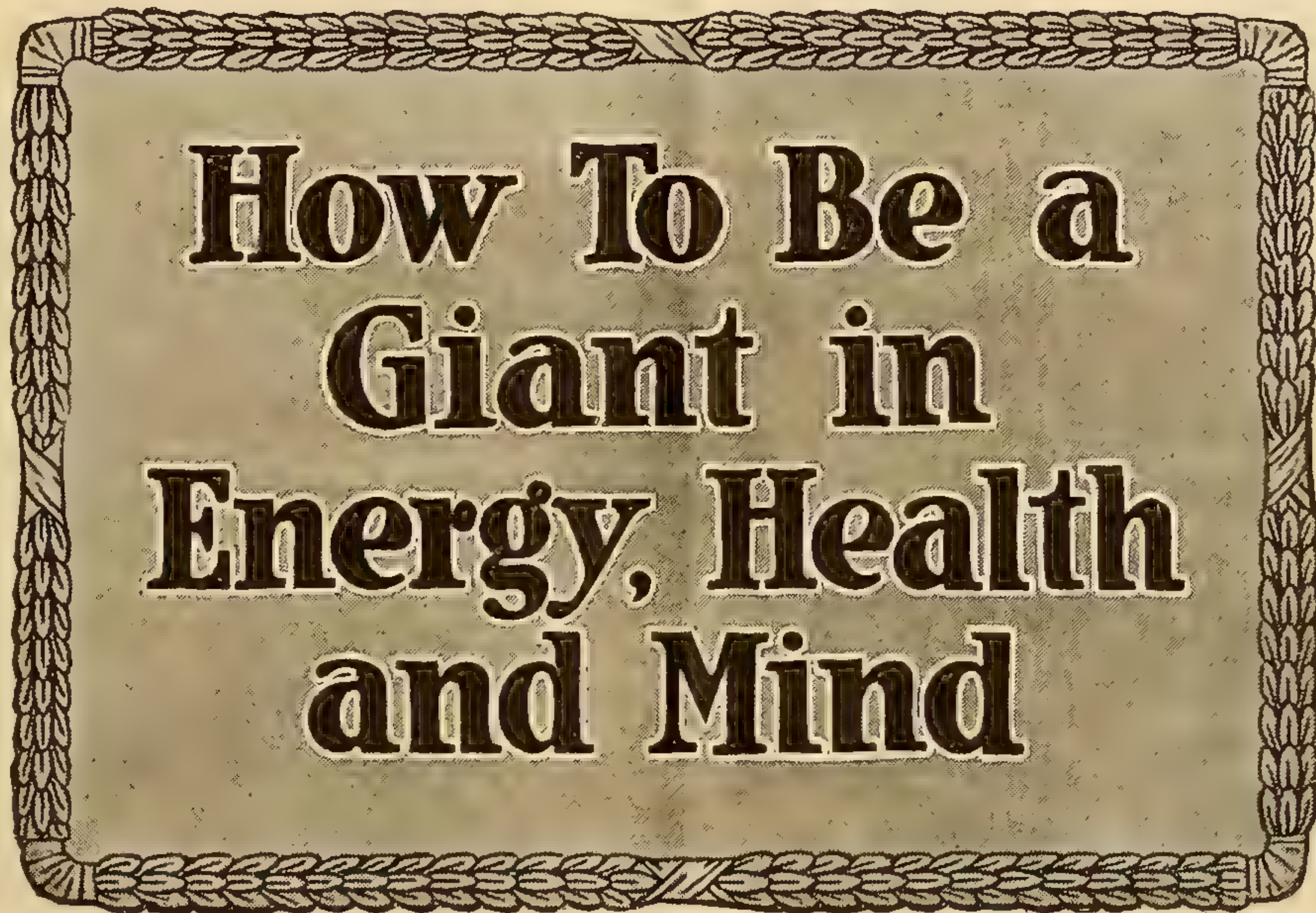
Swoboda has shown men and women in all parts of the world and in all walks of life how to build a keener brain, a more superb, energetic body, stronger muscle, a more vigorous heart, a healthier stomach, more active bowels, a better liver and perfect kidneys. He has times without number shown how to overcome general debility, listlessness, lack of ambition; lack of vitality—how to revitalize, regenerate and restore every part of the body to its normal state—how to recuperate the vital forces, creating a type of physical and mental super-efficiency that almost invariably results in greater material benefits than you ever before dreamed were possible to you.

Swoboda is only one perfect example of the Swoboda system. He fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with unusual life and energy. And his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. Visit him, talk with him and you are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda System of body and personality building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed mind and body—in his wonderful energy—the correctness of his theories and of the success of his methods.

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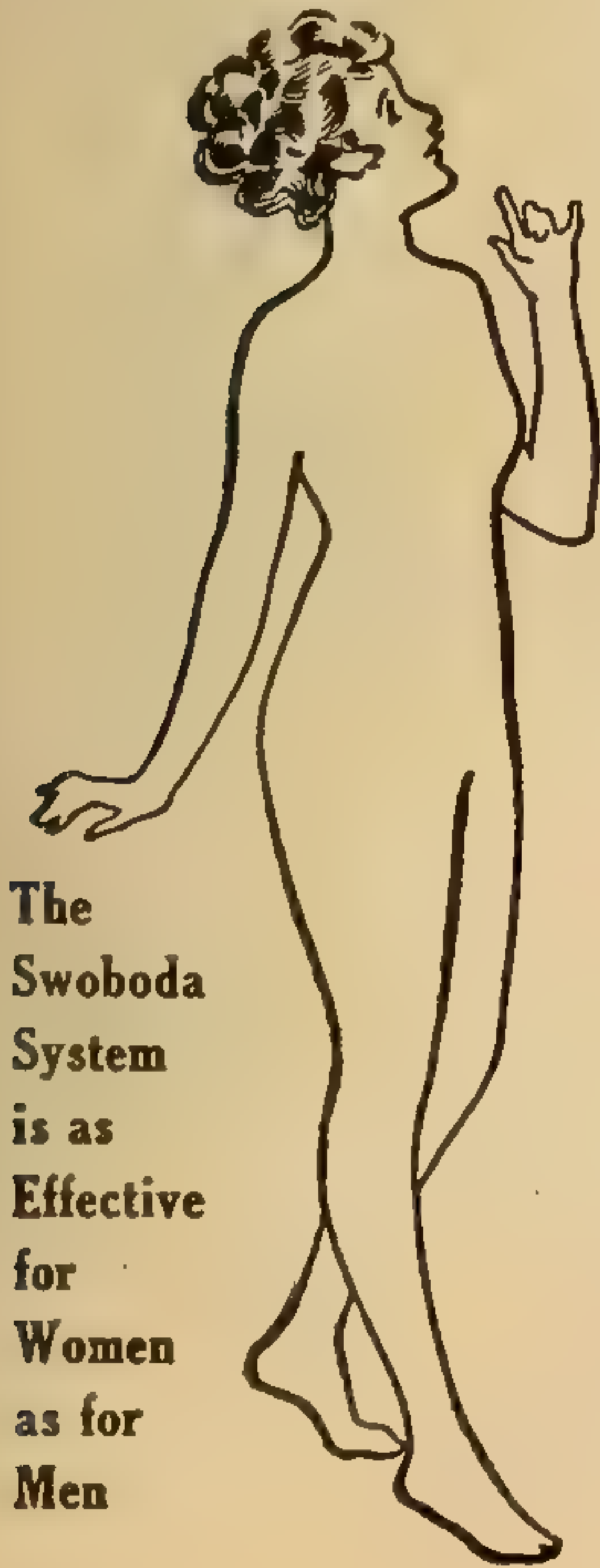
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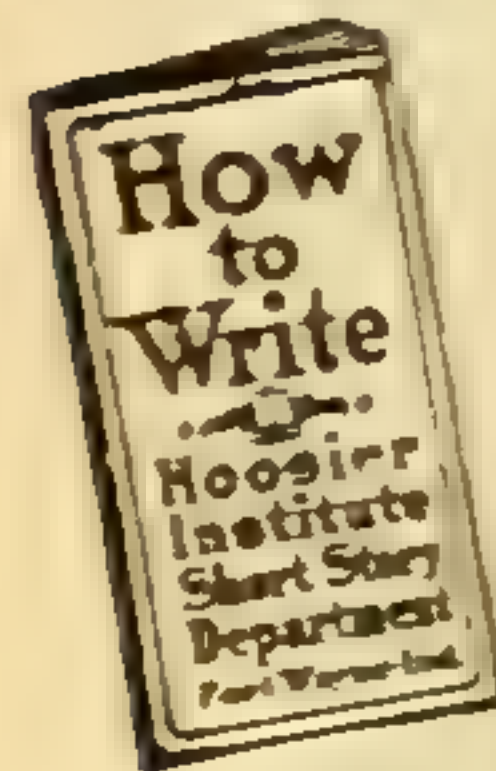
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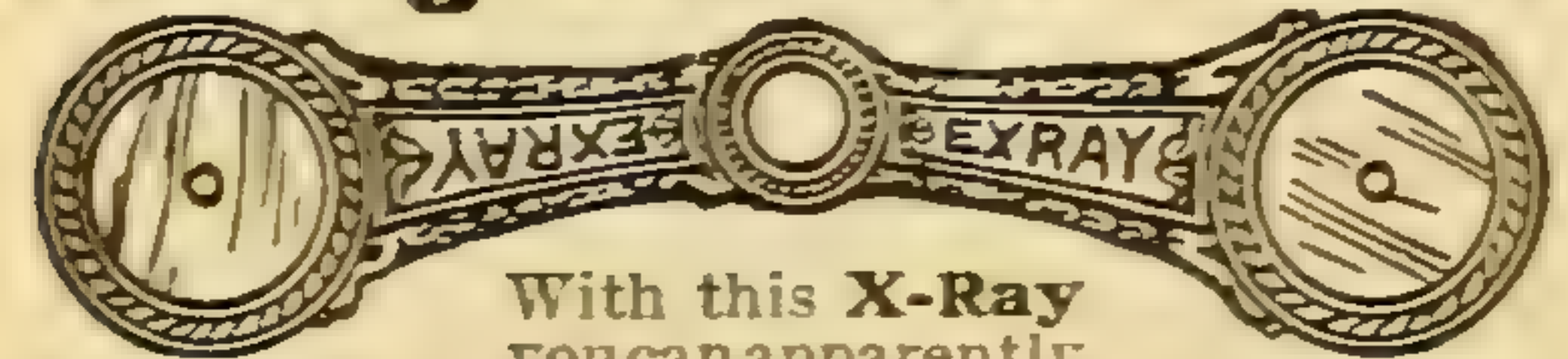
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## How To Grow Thin

(Continued from a previous page)

Sweet Fatty:

How can I ever tumble in the movies?  
Dramatic Harold.

Answer:

Dear Dram:

Get fresh with your director.

My dear Professor:

Do you approve of tumbling on a full stomach?  
Fannie Fallin.

Answer:

Dear Fannie:

Yes, but be careful on whose stomach you tumble.

Dear Fatty:

I weigh 420 pounds and do not get any chance to try your tumbling exercises at home. What form of tumbling would you suggest for a traveling salesman?  
Sam Pell.

Answer:

Dear Sam:

Travel fifty miles with the tumbling homes in a Kansas cyclone.

My dear Benefactor:

A friend of a friend of mine who knows your chauffeur's cousin told me that you reduced by dodging pies. How do you do it?

Susie Meringue.

Answer:

My dear Susie:

After you have dodged 120 pies, stop about eighty with your face, and you will tumble to how it is done.

Friend Fat:

Would it be improper for a debutante of 36, weighing 350 pounds, to take tumbling exercises?

Babe De Butte.

Answer:

My dear Baby:

Nothing could harm a person such as you describe.

I sincerely hope my readers will tumble to everything I have revealed. Tumble in love, and you will worry yourself thin. Getting married will worry you even thinner. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule.

In my next article on how to reduce, I will show you a sure way to grow thin by playing the gentle game of golf.

*Yours for fun  
Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle*

## Advantages of the Screen over the Stage

(Continued from a previous page)

of New York, like the Rialto, Strand and Rivoli, with their human lines reaching up and down the block at each performance and their frequent S. R. O. signs, are good examples of this. More and more people are attending these theaters.

A great drawback to the furtherance of motion picture theater attendance has been the fact that people actually did not know how to distinguish their pictures. More often than not, simply by not looking up the advertisement of their favorite theater, they would see a picture that they had already seen or that they did not care for. Nowadays, however, people are coming to choose their motion pictures with quite as much discrimination as they do their cigars or their gloves. No man would think of buying just "any old" cigar, while most women are as careful about their gloves as about their hats. Why should anyone squander time and money, then, watching a poor brand of picture, when, by looking for the well-known kinds, the waste can be avoided?

My prophecy for the future of motion pictures is this: that the day will come when present conditions will be reversed, when the stage will draw upon the motion picture for its material, and when there will be those who disapprove of the stage, while giving their whole support to the motion picture, so uniformly good will have become the general photoplay. Also, when scenario writing becomes as universal as short-story writing, and those people who thoroughly understand the technique of the photoplay shall take up scenario writing, the "perfect" picture will have arrived.

*E. F. Morgan*

## Don't You Hate 'Em?

By Charlotte R. Mish

I wish there was some legal way  
To assassinate those who will say,

"I know how this ends.

Why, the hero intends" —

And then gives away the whole play.



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With Uncle Sam Now?

*or*

Let Germany Take it  
away From You Later?



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## You at the Top

By **VERA VLADIMIR**

**I** WANT to say a few words to "You" who have reached the top. No, I'm not a she-Billy Sunday, nor a preacher, nor a mother-in-law, nor a member of the Bolsheviks. I'm just an honest-to-goodness-candy-loving-theater-going-Hooverized young lady, of twenty summers and a few winters.

You know that thing called "conscience"? Well, it has been annoying me. Something within me says: "Vera, you must have a little talk with those at the top." So I'm going to get this out of my system right away.

You are a movie star, an artist of the silent drama. You have slaved, starved and reached your goal. And now you've made good. You are a somebody. I suppose I should spell that in capitals. Heavens! It took you long enough to get to the top, and I know it wasn't an easy climb.

Isn't it a wonderful feeling, movie star, to enter a restaurant, a hotel, a dining-room or even a drawing-room, when everyone present turns toward you, eyes fixed upon you? And you hear low whispers that sound like: "Oh, yes, that's so and so, the movie star. A wonderful person!" Oh, joy! What a feeling! You've experienced it, eh? And when you are getting into your motor (you, who only a few years back didn't know the difference between a shock absorber and a battery), and passers-by stop and look at you, and some even dare to smile at you. Your feelings then? Indescribable!

Tell me, movie star, or director-general, or "any now-successful-once-poor-person," do you try to make life worth the living for people less fortunate than yourself? Or do you make life miserable for all those that are near you? Are you temperamental?

Mr. Director, do you remember how hard you worked to convince the "big boss" that you had the ability to direct pictures? All you wanted was a chance. Remember? Of course you don't. Why think of unpleasant things? He that helped you, that gave you "your one big chance"—do you ever see him? Do you ever show your appreciation for what he has done for you? If he hadn't given you the "chance," would you occupy that expensive and luxurious apartment, would you own that peachy car, and would you know what to do with a Jap valet? What? You say you had it in you—all you needed was a chance? I wouldn't be so sure about that, Mr. Director.

Your assistant, the fellow who does everything he possibly can to please you—does he receive the proper treatment from you? Do you treat him like an equal? Does he receive the salary he should? Do you show your appreciation of his efforts?

Mr. Casting Director, do you treat the extras as if they were human beings? Or do you treat them as you would a lot of animals? Do you treat the little stage-struck girl as you'd want some other man to treat your sister, your wife, your mother? Or do you—oh, well, I hope you are man enough to treat everyone as a gentleman should.

Movie queen, do you remember when you were but an extra, and your heart was gladdened and you were happy and encouraged for the rest of the day when the star smiled sweetly at you?

How many hearts have you gladdened to-day?

And you, head of the scenario department, do you see to it that scenarios submitted to you are read? Or do your assistants just open the envelopes, take out the scripts, attach a rejection slip and slip them into addressed envelopes, to be returned unread? Do you treat these people squarely? Do you know that many, many rejected scenarios have made thousands of dollars for more conscientious film concerns?

It is not honorable to steal ideas. Oh, yes, we all know that! Don't get angry, mister. Things like that *have* happened, and in the best of regulated film companies.

Mr. Head of the publicity department, or Mr. Press Agent, do you think the public believes all you write about your star? Do you really think that people are stupid fools? If you make up your mind to write something *great* about your star, my advice is: Get your star to perform the great deed, then go ahead and write about it. I cannot help but say that some press agents have cheapened the film industry. Don't forget, Mr. Press Agent, what friend Abe Lincoln said: "You can fool some of the people all of the time, you can fool all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."



## Who's Who and Where

The World Film Corporation has presented several of its photoplays to the United States battleship *Missouri*, for the entertainment of sailors and marines.

It is rumored that Geraldine Farrar will presently scintillate in Goldwyn pictures, and that a story of Canadian life and adventure of the olden time is likely to be among the first releases under the new contract.

Mrs. Linda A. Griffith left New York on March 17th for California. She will make a leisurely automobile tour of her home State, starting from Los Angeles, visiting studios along the way, and may reach Yosemite Park in time to record the proceedings of a motion picture troupe "on location" in that wonderful valley. Her Free Lance contributions are sure to contain much that is novel and of unusual interest. Her own breezy style of relating her impressions is well known.

Louise Glaum makes her first appearance as a Peralta star in Monte M. Katterjohn's latest play, "An Alien Enemy." The Fort McArthur Military Band furnished the music, and many officers were among those present at the pre-view, an invitation affair. Each member of the audience was taxed 25 cents for the benefit of the Red Cross, and received a strip of film in exchange for the contribution. The proceeds amounted to \$23.00, and now Bessie Barriscale, Henry B. Walthall and J. Warren Kerrigan are engaged in drumming up trade, with intent to outdo Miss Glaum when their pictures are shown. The Red Cross is wishing every one of them "the best of luck."

### Goodness!

On tenderhooks  
Am I, indeed!  
What sort of books  
Does Wallace Reid?

### Gracious!

I'd happy be  
If I but knew  
The salary  
That Sidney Drew!

### A Question

Some say she's twenty-one-two-three,  
Or four-five-six! My doubt behold!  
I wish that you would tell to me  
Is Clara Kimball Young—or old?

—Harold Seton.

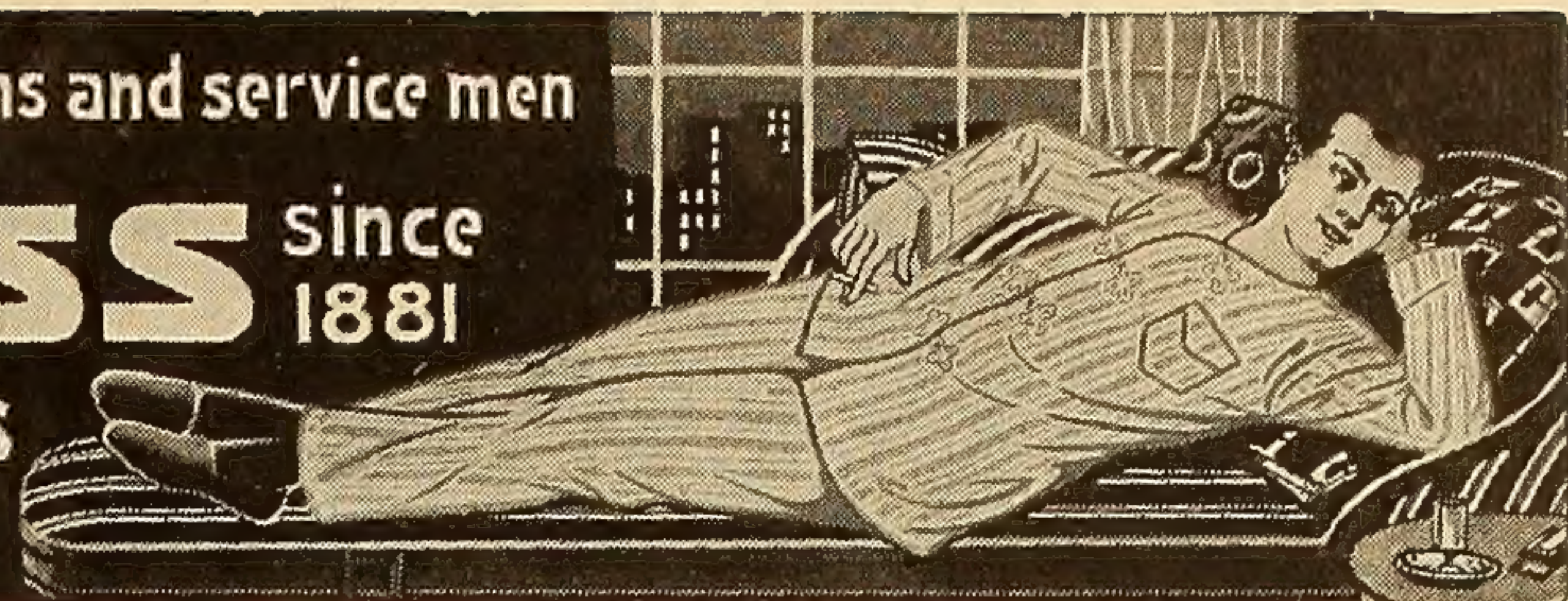
The fatigue uniform for civilians and service men

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**I** T WOULD MAKE  
A MONKEY LAUGH  
to find cocoanuts filled with  
ice cream. He could easily  
perform such a miracle were  
he a man and knew enough  
to shake and freeze the  
cocoanuts with milk inside.

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## Laugh and Live

By Lieutenant Harold Hersey

Inspired by copies of Douglas Fairbanks's new book, "Laugh and Live," for their camp library, members of the 9th Coast Defense Command, stationed at Fort Hancock, instructed their historian, Lieutenant Harold Hersey, to draft a resolution of appreciation. The lieutenant "fell for it" and expresses the sentiments of his camp in verse, thusly:

**T**AKE a hand and have a heart—  
Laugh and Live!  
Cut the grumbling; play your part—  
Laugh and Live!  
Don't sit around and mumble;  
There's a world of things to do.  
It won't help you much to grumble;  
Find a way; it's up to you—  
Laugh and Live!

If you're in a rut, don't shirk—  
Laugh and Live!  
Get a grip and do your work—  
Laugh and Live!  
When you are down and out,  
Don't curse your luck and cry;  
Just take a turn about  
And have another try—  
Laugh and Live!  
Take this recipe to bed—  
Laugh and Live!  
Nail this one thought on the head—  
Laugh and Live!  
Put a smile in every task;  
Help another fellow through.  
It's an easy thing to ask,  
An easy thing to do—  
Laugh and Live!  
A smile will do the trick—  
Laugh and Live!  
Have it handy when you're sick—  
Laugh and Live!  
When you want to stop and worry,  
Pull your belt another inch.  
Get a move on in a hurry;  
When you know how, it's a cinch—  
Laugh and Live!

## Film Fun

Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

No. 349—MAY, 1918

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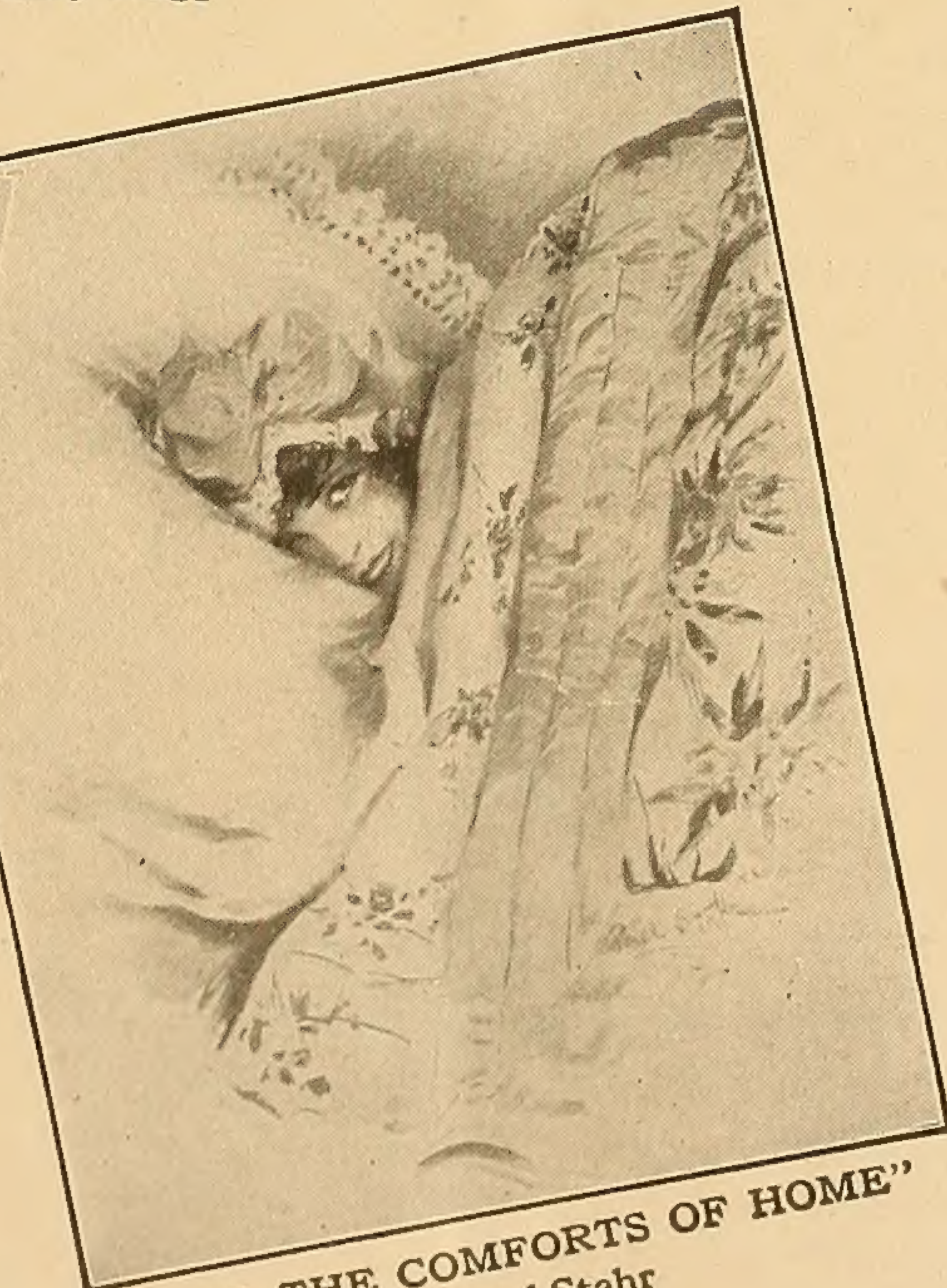


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## Taking the Shell Off Dad

**D**OESN'T *look* as if he needed it, does he? But he *did* need it three minutes ago before the youngsters got him in tow. Sat there in his armchair with cigar and paper and guessed he just didn't *want* to see any pictures.

But that's all changed now. Dad has found out that a *Paramount* or *Artcraft* feature is mighty well worth the effort of getting there, with its foremost stars, superb directing and clean treatment.

Dad's was a bad case, too.  
Stubborn!

But, arrived at the theatre, he was quick to see the tremendous difference between what he *remembered* of motion pictures—it's quite a

while since he went—and the *Paramount* and *Artcraft* photoplays of today.

"Somebody seems to have got the right idea," he admitted cheerfully half way through the performance, and the family soon let him know *which* somebody that was, and how *Paramount* and *Artcraft* had come mighty near taking all the guess-work out of motion pictures.

Go to it, children of America and wives young and staying young! *Take the shells off all the Dads!*

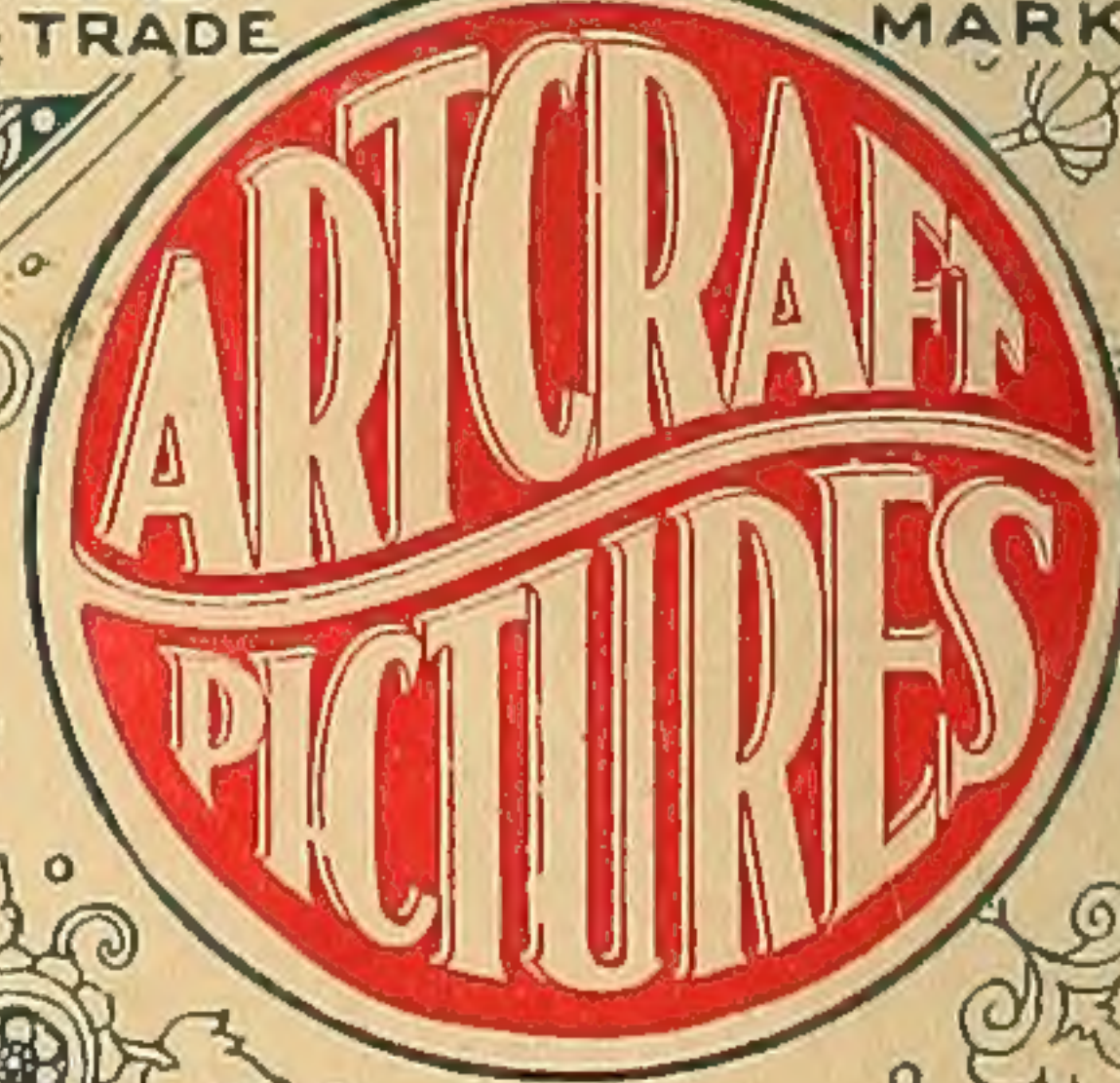
The wiser they are the more they will enjoy  
—the *foremost* stars,  
—the *superb* directing,  
—the *clean* motion pictures  
—of *Paramount!* of *Artcraft!*

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